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PICTORIAL

LADIES' WEEKLY

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE WOMEN OF NORTH AMERICA.

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"A woman's rank lies in the fulness of her womanhood: therein alone she is royal."—GEORGE ELIOT.

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THE NEW GOVERNESS.

THE

Ladies Pictorial Weekly.

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EDITED BY

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Visitors to the Sanctum.

"The spring doth make poets of us all."

House-Cleaning.

I was feeling very charitably disposed to the world in general this week, and I wished to do something magnanimously kind. I did so. I let in all the poets who came with their own poetry. I did more. I promised to publish all their poems.

Some of them became effusively grateful, showered rolls of MSS. into my left hand, and crushed my right to a jelly.

Some of them—girls—kissed me and told me I was a darling, (that was no news) and they would bring me lots more next week, (will they?).

But some of them became very cheeky, wanted ten dollars a line for their baby verses (why not baby verse if you say maiden speeches?) and said they considered their verses very valuable. I thought it would be a pity to rob them. Then they made some sarcastic remarks to me about my lack of literary taste and absence of critical faculty, which I am not going to repeat. That's where I get ahead of them. I can tell all the smart things I said to them and they can't get back at me. Then these left and took their poems.

The others seemed glad to get their poems printed at any price. I think most of them would have *paid me*, if I had not misunderstood their hints. But I am not hard-up at present. Besides I am more than repaid by printing their poems. I would be rewarded beyond my wildest dreams of enjoyment if I affixed the author's name to each. But some of them are personal friends of mine, at least they were until now. Others have relatives whom I respect highly, and no disgrace shall ever come upon them through me. So I merely affix their initials.

Some of these are first efforts they tell me, and I believe them. Others came to them in dreams—after the Christmas dinner. Not a few were tossed off without effort—I trust this is the case—and all are by citizens to whom the interior of an asylum is familiar only by hearing. If you say severely that they are on that account to be more censured and less pitied, I get behind the safe door and agree with you.

The poets and poetesses, severally and privately, told me that they would be glad to hear any criticisms I had to make on his or her poems—in a tone which said plainly, that this was rather a tribute to my sagacity, than from any thought that there could be any fault found. They said further, of course, that they didn't consider their poems perfect—in a tone which black-mailed me into saying hurriedly, that they were perfect.

But they asked me for my criticism, and they'll get it.

N. B.—I shall be out of town for some time. My address will *not* be left at the office.

This letter I write in the form of a sonnet,
To wish you a Happy New Year,
As I think you will set more value upon it,
And I make matters more clear.

This is the day to make good resolutions,
'Tis also the first of Leap Year,
So here is a riddle for solution,
Which admirer to your heart is most dear? P. E. M.

As a trifling suggestion, I might point out that any reference to Wordsworth, Shakespeare, *et al* would reveal the fact that a sonnet has always fourteen lines, and fourteen lines only. The admission that this was written on New Year's Day, accounts somewhat for the tone of the effusive. Let me advise the W. C. T. U. If you pay something to join Mr. P. E. M., the pledge may be more valuable. The form is what the writer plumes himself most upon. With a wave of his pen he deprives the third line in the second stanza, of a foot, leaving it badly crippled, to make a three-legged man of the fourth. But bah! what difference does Leap Year make to you? A man that could, in cold blood, offer such verses to an editor, needn't fear the ghost of a proposal. Go back to the kindergarten. Here is the next:

VILLANELLE.

Right light the poet's purse is,
Who'll write a Villanelle.
Know'st thou aught that worse is?

Wher'er he thus disburses
His wealth, you sure can tell
Right light the poet's purse is,

And all that one infers, is,
His brain is light as well.
Know'st thou aught that worse is?

He met with love reverses
Perhaps, or worse befel;
Right light the poet's purse.

Than that some friend immerses
Such scribbles not in—well,
Know'st thou ought that worse is?

Not villainous these verses
Should be, but villanelle.
But save Mephisto's curses,
Know'st thou aught that worse is? N. S. H.

The fact that this would-be poet knows the depths to which he has sunk simplifies the work of criticism. He has a deep sense of his own unworthiness, and I think I discern in the last stanza some striving after better things. He seems in the two latter to realize the sacreligiousness of the powers with whom he is in league. Here is evidence of glimpses of genius, of alas! a misspent life, of a deplorable cignicism. We hope yet to hear better things of the young author.

Still another:

"Spring is here. Be glad
Flowers are springing,
Girls are swinging,
Birds are winging,
And all nature is gay,
So happy they say,
Spring is here. Be glad."

"The snow has gone,
The day is won
For Spring
The meadow grass sways,
The little boy plays,
'Tis the warmest of days
In Spring."

This one finished me. I was perfectly helpless. No more at present. Watch and wait.

Fairy Godmother Again.

TO MY DEAR GRAND-DAUGHTER OF THE SANCTUM:—Following close after silence, I pop in again to thank you for the kind welcome received, and to chat a moment about those horrid funny people that crowd you like locusts of late, with their jokes. I am sorry that our own sex use so often their sharp files of wit upon each other. The men will soon follow, though at a safe distance I notice. By the appearance of the "Sanctum," these horrid jokes are trying their files on my diamond Fairy Grand-daughter. I am delighted to see the Diamond outshine their crude arts, and remain invincible against them. Laughing does one good, but to have that effect, it must be governed by principle; there is no great amount of principle in the human heart, that will laugh at a drunken man, who is at that time in a fit state for perdition. I'm a Temperance Fairy, and could laugh with joy, and cry too, to see every drunkard in the universe sign the pledge. But then the poor fellows might misunderstand the cause of my mirth and stop signing. Good-bye Diamond, you need not fear Laborators art. Your Fairy Grandmother. C.

"It's all very well," Flips said discontentedly, "for you to take me around with you to visit Young Women's Guilds and Associations, and make up silly things that I never said, but I won't stand this." Here she pulled out four tracts and gave them to me.

"Every time the door-bell rings it's a tract for me——Oh, yes, it's very funny, but Mary's given notice, she says she is over-worked answering the door, and women pursue me on the streets and ask me to come to Bible-Readings, and our minister called to get me to join the Sunday School——No, you silly, the Bible Class, and seventeen women from different associations have come to explain what these things are for, and all our friends that belong to the Guild sail past me with their noses in the air, or else keep me standing hours on the street getting my nose red, while they explain what the Guild is for. Oh! you were too funny, you were. I may be a long time getting revenged, but the day will come."

Madge Robertson

Our English Letter.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

LONDON, May 25th, 1892.

After many weeks absence we are, I am sure, one and all glad to welcome royalty once more back to England. The Queen is once more at Windsor, and the Prince and Princess of Wales intend to remain a few days in London before proceeding to their Norfolk home. It is very satisfactory to learn that all the royal visitors to the south of France have greatly benefitted by their stay. Prince George is reported to have regained his usual health. The Queen was a good deal fatigued by her visit to Darmstadt, although it was a very quiet one. I can quite understand how busy she must have been all day long receiving the numerous German relatives who, in duty bound, called upon her. Of course, as I told you in my last letter, there were all sorts of rumors afloat as to the reasons of Her Majesty's visit to Darmstadt; but whatever these same reasons may have been they have not yet been made public; neither do I think they will be just yet, for if they are connected with the various marriage projects of the younger members of the royal family, it will hardly be seemly, I should imagine, to announce officially any marriages so soon after the deaths of the Duke of Hesse and the Duke of Clarence. I have just been reading about another of the "vagaries" of the German Emperor. His new *train de luxe* is just finished; it has been three years building, and has cost over £150,000. William II. certainly intends to be comfortable when he travels. The train consists of drawing-room, upholstered in white satin; a dancing saloon, in panneled oak; a handsome library, hung with gobelin tapestry; a reception room, a most luxurious smoking-room, three sleeping saloons, each fitted with a bath; a splendid kitchen and domestic offices, and last, but not least, two saloons devoted to nursery purposes, especially adapted for the comfort of the six princes. By the way, the little Crown Prince completed his tenth year on May 8, and, according to the traditional usage of the house of Hohenzollern, he will then enter the German army as the youngest lieutenant. Then, for the first time, he will be allowed to take the title of "Royal and Imperial Highness"; hitherto he has simply been called "Prince." I hear the Queen and several of our royal family intend to be exhibitors at the World's Fair. Her Majesty will send several water-color sketches executed at an early age, and some excellent samples of spinning and weaving. Princess Christian will send some embroidery, Princess Louise sculpture, and Princess Beatrice painting. Of course, the World's Fair will be the fashion, as the last Paris exhibition was, and every one who can will endeavor somehow or other to cross the pond to see it. The Royal Academy exhibition is now open, and as a natural consequence it is the general topic of conversation for the present. To tell the truth, the exhibition is more than usually disappointing this year. I think one generally expects at least one picture of exceptional merit and interest; one picture which attracts a crowd; a "picture of the year," in fact. But no, there is absolutely not one single picture which is greatly above the average. Of course the Royal Academicians exhibit plenty of good work; but the pictures are all, as usual, variations of old themes. They are wise in their generation, and keep to the class of subject and treatment which has made their name and enabled them to add the coveted R. A. How I wish portraits could be banished from the walls of the Academy! Every spring their name is legion, and how uninteresting they are! Some of the landscapes, and more particularly the seascapes, are lovely, but there is again a great dearth of what I call "subject" pictures. Can the reason be that there is a want of imagination and "soil" in the English artists of this nineteenth century? I told you I was going to try and obtain admittance to Holy Trinity Church to see the wedding of Viscount Chelsea. All in vain; the crowd was enormous and only the "favored few," the personal friends, could gain access to the church, and that by ticket. It was certainly one of the events of the greatest public interest for this season, for not only the bride and bridegroom, but their parents are most popular in London society. Apropos of this wedding, a correspondent of one of our daily papers has suggested that the bridegrooms might be induced to discard their usual somewhat dismal attire during the ceremony and to substitute a costume of the cavalier type. From an artistic point of view the suggestion is a good one, and how much more in character with the bride's dress such a costume would be. But would it not tend to attract public attention to the "happy," or, as he certainly sometimes looks, most "unhappy" man? It cannot be denied that all bridegrooms look upon the marriage ceremony as one of the most trying ordeals of their lives, and always find some comfort in the thought that the bride is the

YORK MINISTER, WEST FRONT.

centre of attraction; when we consider this fact, I fear there is very little chance of any man taking kindly to the idea. I hope you are not a believer in the genuine old-fashioned theory that a cobweb is the best thing to stop the bleeding of a cut. We have had a terrible proof of this popular fallacy just lately. A woman has actually died from blood-poisoning brought on by the cobweb practice, and now doctors say it is really the worst remedy, for cobwebs collect dirt and dust and, alas, microbes! In these days of spring cleaning it certainly behoves us to make short work of cobwebs; by the way, I wonder how it was our grandmothers, who were so great on house-cleaning, ever tolerated the presence of such a sign of dirt. Now, according to my promise, I must tell you a little about York. It is a most interesting old city, but like a good many other old places the general aspect is not pleasing, it is smoky, the streets are narrow and dirty and there are few good buildings. Of course the glory of the city is its cathedral. I hope my little sketch will give you some idea of the splendid edifice. It is one of the largest of our cathedrals and certainly one of the finest. I especially admired the east and west windows, the glass is very old, indeed so old that it is impossible to distinguish the subjects, but the tracery is wonderful. The minster as it now stands was completed in 1472 the erection of the building having lasted nearly two centuries and a half. The first church which was erected on the spot in 627 was a wooden one, but it was soon replaced by one of stone. York minster seems to have been particularly unfortunate in one respect, it was wholly or partially destroyed by fire. Of course it was as often rebuilt or restored and this will account for the several different styles of architecture in the building. Whenever I see these noble evidences of the skill, perseverence and marvellous art of our ancestors, I cannot help wondering how it is that notwithstanding the gigantic strides which art and science have made since the middle ages, the art of architecture seems not only to have stood still, but one might almost say to have gone backwards. I do not deny that domestic architecture has improved, for who could draw any comparison between the houses of now and those of two hundred years ago. It is not so with our public buildings, what has become of the grandeur, the sublimity of conception and the marvellous workmanship of olden times as seen in our churches, etc., of the middle ages? Another relic of which the inhabitants of York are justly proud, is the city wall with its old gates or bars. These walls entirely surround the city and are thought to have been built in the first instance by the Romans, Micklegate Bar is the oldest gate, built in 1300, is also the most interesting for here the heads of many "traitors" have been exhibited. When a town boasts the possession of a castle, one somehow expects to find a genuine old time-worn building, so I must confess I was somewhat disappointed in York castle. It is not half so old as I expected, with the exception of that portion known as Clifford's Tower. This is a grey crumbling ruin built by William the Conqueror as a keep with dungeons and surrounded by a deep moat. It is said that in the reign of Richard I. 2,000 Jews were massacred here, where they had taken refuge from a furious populace. The Jews were not any more popular in York than they are in Russia in our own time. Whilst wandering round the city I came across some delightfully artistic old streets and houses. One street especially took my fancy, it was called "The Shambles" and certainly was not a very aristocratic part of the town. It seemed to be the region of butchers' shops for I counted no less than twenty in this short street. They were all small with very low ceilings, the houses consisted mostly of three stories and gabled roofs, each story projected considerably beyond the one beneath, so that one at the top windows could easily shake hands with a neighbor across the street. Many of the houses seem to be tumbling down and unoccupied, so I presume this little bit of old York will soon be cleared away to make room for more modern, but certainly not such picturesque buildings. I have a decided weakness for anything old in architecture, and I think the absence of ancient buildings is one of the features I notice most in the colonies. I could quite understand the feeling which prompted a young American, who was viewing that charming old Derbyshire show-place, Haddon Hall, at the same time I was, to exclaim, "Now this is what I call real nice!" then turning to a friend, "Don't you wish this could just be set down in New York?"

I wonder if you have wicker tea-baskets in your part of the world. These little travelling tea equipages have become very popular of late years, and a great comfort they are. What can be more delightful or refreshing than a cup of tea on a long railway journey, and then there is the amusement and diversion of preparing it. These baskets provide tea-pot, kettle, boxes, etc., everything necessary to furnish a charming little tea-tray.

This week I send you a recipe for a delicious sweet: Soak half a packet of isinglass in three-quarters of a pint of water, dissolve it over the fire with a few pieces of thinly-pared lemon rind, four ounces of loaf sugar and the juice of two lemons, let it simmer for five minutes and strain into a basin. When it is just beginniug to set, whisk the jelly until it is white and frothy, add half a pint of whipped cream slightly sweetened, beat altogether until well-mixed, and when properly set, fill custard glasses with the mixture and put a strawberry and cherry on the top of each. This makes a very nice addition to a supper-table.

Annie Vaughan

Prominent Canadian Women.

No. 11---Miss Maud Ogilvy.

The subject of this sketch, Miss Maud Ogilvy, is a native of Montreal. On her mother's side she descended from a well known family of Ontario, the Powells, members of which have held prominent positions in Toronto, while their descendants are still to be found in the front ranks of the public service and of science. Hon. Wm. Dunmer Powell, Miss Ogilvy's great-grandfather, was Chief Justice of Upper Canada, and her grandfather, Mr. John Powell, in the rebellion of '37 was taken prisoner by the rebels. Escaping he reached Toronto, then "Little York" in time to give the alarm and put the garrison on their guard. Later he was made mayor of Toronto. Miss Ogilvy's father, Mr. John Ogilvy, is a Scotchman by birth, a native of the little town of Brechin in Forfarshire, where his family have lived for generations. He has been a familiar figure in Montreal society and business circles for many years.

Miss Maud Ogilvy was educated at the school of the Misses Gairdner in Montreal until the age of sixteen, when she was sent for two years to a finishing school in London, England. Here she was remarkable for her excellent French accent and her thorough acquaintance with English literature, thorough, that is for a girl of her age. Like most Canadians she found the English climate very trying, and for her first year her health suffered somewhat, but this soon wore off. It is said that people who live in northern climes are peculiarly subject to "Heimuch" and my experience goes strongly to prove the theory. No Swiss exiled from his native mountains could suffer more than Canadians I have known in voluntary banishment for educational or other purposes.

The presence of circumstances making independence advisable and a strong wish for congenial employment, brought Miss Ogilvy face to face with the question, "What shall my life work be?" While her training qualified her to be a teacher, the more congenial and varied pursuit of literature attracted her, and those friends who knew her best, convinced that her natural gifts and industry were such as to promise success, urged her in the direction to which her tastes inclined. Thus encouraged, her first little ventures went

Yours sincerely
Maud Ogilvy

forth and were successful in a modest degree. They consisted of letters to the daily papers on such subjects as might be before the public and were written in pure English, in a style by turns thoughtful and witty and were eagerly looked for by appreciative readers. Short stories came next and in 1890 were followed by her first important venture, "Marie Gourdon, A Romance of the Lower St. Lawrence." It was well received by the Canadian public and attracted much attention in French and Catholic circles to whom her writings had not previously appealed. By the appreciation shown in it of the influence of the Church on society in that primitive district, and by the delicate truth of the atmosphere through whose medium her *dramatis personae* are seen, Miss Ogilvy proves herself equally at home in the amenities of society and civilized life as among the primitive surroundings of the French of the lower St. Lawrence and the changes from one phase of life to the other give variety of interest to her story. One of its strangest characteristics is the sympathy with everything Canadian—climate, people, traditions—which makes her at once to be a true daughter of her country.

Her next important venture, "The Keeper of the Bic Lighthouse," a neat little volume embellished with a sketch, by a Montreal artist on the cover, has also proved a success, and was passed through two editions. There are now in press, biographies of two of our most prominent men, Hon. J. J. C. Abbott and Sir Donald Smith.

In addition to these works, Miss Ogilvy has written many interesting articles shewing painstaking research, and full of reliable information, and has contributed to the Boston *Transcript*, the Philadelphia *Ledger*, the Brooklyn *Musical Magazine*, the New York *World*, in addition to numerous Canadian newspapers and magazines. It will be seen that her writings touch upon many themes, and yet there is one more line in which she excels, that of a writer of society sketches for the papers. We all know how difficult it is in this branch of newspaper writing to draw the line between privacy and publication, between the incidents and people we may write about and those cases in which publicity would be a breach of good taste. In this regard Miss Ogilvy never fails and with all due reticence, her notes all most piquant, interesting and appreciative. Alike in municipal events, topics of the day, society items, the churches and the fashions. She culls her facts and fancies with a taste and judgment rarely combined in so high a degree. Consequently her services are called into requisition by people who would hesitate before placing themselves and their entertainments at the mercy of the ordinary newspaper reporter.

In person Miss Ogilvy is of middle height with a dainty figure, small hands and feet, and lovely golden brown hair. While her features are not strictly regular, her forehead and eyes all fine and her expression animated and pleasing. Combined with these a pure accent, a sweet voice in speaking and conversation full of wit and repartee, make up a personality attractive in a high degree. [Ed.

In this series have already appeared:
No. 1—Lady Stanley.
" 2—Hon. Mrs. Dewdney, Ottawa.
" 3—Hon. Mrs. Herbert, Ottawa.
" 4—Miss Marjorie Campbell, Toronto.
" 5—Miss Pauline Johnson, Brantford.
" 6—Agnes Maule Machar, Kingston.
" 7—Hon. Mrs. Nelson, Victoria, B. C.
" 8—Madame d'Auria, Toronto.
" 9—Lady Tilley, Ottawa.
" 10—Agnes Knox, Toronto,

Outdoor Sports for Women.

TENNIS.

So far, in our consideration of outdoor sports, we have selected those in which the gentle reader can "go it alone,"—as the saying is. On her wheel, or her horse she can be quite independent of company, but in the more sociable tennis-court she is obliged to summon aid to perfect her amusement—someone to serve, that she may return; someone to meet her airy defiance with firm unerring stroke—and call to the *qui vive* all her "neatness and dispatch" in response. Tennis is above all healthful, but hard work. Many women find the stretching, the running and the stooping too trying to back and muscle, but if a youthful, limber, active young creature finds no pleasure in the bouyant pastime, then, surely, there is something radically wrong in her tastes. The first question which suggests itself is, no doubt, that of costume to the mind of the average girl. From head to heel tennis demands, ease, room and brightness of garb, the soft light hat or cap which fits down round the head, the blouse waist with turn-down collar the wide and neatly pleated skirts, the broad-soled low shoe, all cut and shaped to give perfect freedom of motion and stretching space. Any idiosyncracsy of taste and divergence in model is allowed in the selection of the color and cut of the tennis suit, so long as the two above requisites are considered. The tennis girl, flying about the trimly kept lawn, with quickened breath and dancing eyes, light, alert and determined, may be as brilliant as a bird of paradise, without overstepping good taste, the cool, deep background of hill or hedge, the emerald turf under her dainty tread form fitting foils for her most *bizarre* costume.

As to raquets. Ah! that is as difficult a question to preach upon as I know. Who dare advise the tennis girl, as she makes her selection, poising this racquet, balancing the other, twirling the third with limber and practised wrist, and then shaking her head and turning unsatisfied to number four, to poise and twirl and finger the taut thongs, and finally to make friends with one particular tool, why, she and she only knows. A very good and serviceable racquet can be bought for $3.00, the prices range from $1.50 up to $7.50. For the complete outfit of net, poles, four racquets and balls, prices run from $10.00 to $50.00. No more delightful summer afternoon can be spent than is enjoyed by four expert and enthusiastic tennis players, on a well-rolled court, with room for long shots out of bounds, and every appointment of the game in first class order. It is a wholesome, ladylike and body sport, and a whole volume of praise should be expressed in the remark one sometimes hears made of some bright and bonnie belle "She's a first class tennis player." Toronto boasts many such, and everyone who knows Toronto girls knows but to admire. Is not that so?

Grace E. Denison.

Would You Have Peace at Home and a Good Name Abroad?

When you don't know what to say, say so.
Nurse good habits, and wet-nurse bad ones.
Open doors quietly and shut them without a bang.
Use the door-mat, instead of the floor carpet, for a foot scraper.
Live sociably with your family, and peaceably with your neighbors.
Let your manners at home be a little better than they are abroad.
Be agreeable to your wife as you would be with "other men's wives."
Speak as pleasantly to your husband as you would to "other women's husbands."
When the "last word" is likely to be an unkind one, let someone else say it.
Look out for the claws of the family cat when its paws are fairly let out of the bag.
If it must be a kiss or a blow, let the kiss come first—the blow will take care of itself.

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Farewell.

Two hands are clasped,
And for a brief, sweet while,
Two hearts responsive beat,
And all things smile.

Swift speed the hours
Until, with lingering feet,
They come at length to where
Life's cross-roads meet.

There must they say farewell,
Oh! strange, sad word!
With tears oft murmured
All too often heard!

Sealed are a maiden's lips,
Yet may she say,
Her prayers will rise to God,
By night and day.

That Guardian Angels
May His steps attend,
And happiness go with him
To the end.

PHILIPPA.

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Two Pictures.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF EMILE SOUVESTRE, BY MRS. H. A. BOCQUET.

O the traveller who loves variety, the steamers will always possess an incontestable advantage over all other means of locomotion. Not only is the matter for observation more abundant there, but it is renewed more frequently and presents itself under more aspects. The forced intimacy of public carriages is often prolonged into suffering, it is mixed with uneasiness and fatigue; the other travellers are to us linked associates whom we must endure to the end, and the annoyance of this too narrow association often deprives us of our liberty of our spirit and of our vivacity of humor, both inseparable to observation. In a steamer, on the contrary we can choose among our neighbors, take or watch every fellow traveller, observe them from far or near, briefly or with persistence; space, comfort and independence leave to our spirit all its perspicacity; in consequence entertainments there are brighter and more varied. Then the scenery constantly modifies your impressions as it passes before you. The rivers offer thousands of aspects for which one would look vainly on the great roads. All is more characteristic, more picturesque; the villages are reflected in the water; the barges flow gently in the bays; the islands rise in the midst of the current like floating boscages; the murmurs of the river and of the wind form a kind of harmony which seems to rock you; you feel your spirits getting more vivacious, more joyous.

Mr. de Rivaud and his daughter had both felt this sweet influence, since their departure from Orleans, on the steamer "The Swallow." As they sat on deck, they saw the pleasing banks of the Loire passing successively before their eyes like comic opera decorations. The young lady communicated every now and then some remarks to which the father either added some instructive description or answered by an explanation, and their attention thus passed alternately from the scenery to their fellow-travellers, or from their fellow-travellers to the scenery. The quick and changing spirit of Honorine found every where matter for discussion. Prompt in her judgment like all those to whom experience has not yet taught doubt, she exercised herself to solve everything at first sight and transmitted to her father her quick impressions. Nevertheless, the boat which had just arrived near Montrichard, had stopped to take a new passenger aboard brought by a barge. It was a very corpulent indvidual with a semi-burgess semi-country-like appearance, which announced a wealthy farmer, but whose round and highly colored countenance revealed a preoccupation of discontent. Upon his setting foot on the deck near Mr. de Rivaud, he touched his straw hat with a certain familiarity.

"Upon my word! I thought I was going to miss the boat," said he; "there was nobody at Veron's to run the barge. Why don't the goverament look after the Landing police better than that?"

One of the travellers observed that it was a private and optional service, and it necessarily escaped the supervision of the authorities.

"This does not prevent an honest man from getting left and thereby lose his business." "Yes," said the fat country-man, for example, "if I had not caught the boat I would have risked arriving too late."

"Where are you going, Mr. Baptiste?" asked a small man who had embarked on the preceding landing.

"Well! it is Mr. Dubois," replied the farmer with the air of an acquaintance; "how do you do, Mr. Dubois; very well thank you, and how is yours?"

"Pretty fair thank you; and so you are travelling?"

"As you say; I come from Montrichard for a farm."

"Are you leaving the one where you are?"

"What! you do not know," shouted Jean Baptise; "the heartless old man took it away from me."

"Which heartless old man?"

"Well, the boss then; he put in my place the big Thiband, you know the big Thiband, whose father had something to settle with the police; worthless people! Well! the old miser had given him the preference because he offered £30 more."

"And he sent you away, you who were there from father to son for over a century?"

"That is what the graduate of the rich amounts to," answered Jean Baptiste, with bitterness; "you cultivate their land, you build their fortune, and when the moment has come to eat a paltry loaf of bread, they turn you out on the street. But I will yet get even with him!"

"Perhaps all comes from the notary?" observed Dubois.

"No, no!" said the countryman; "it is the gentleman himself who wished it so, for he came in the country expressly for that."

"You saw him?"

"Most decidedly, I went there twice; he was sick, ostensibly. They are so proud, you know, that they do not receive poor people like us; they would be afraid that our sight would soil them. On last trip I was yet unable to see him."

"Ah! bah!"

"No, I had found that the children who, by the way, are not at all pretty, I assure you, nor polite either, looked at me as if I was a curious beast. After that, such father! such son! Only it was they who suffered this time, for I was going to bring them a hare, but I took it back, and we ate it at the farm. Ah! but you cannot walk over me like this, you know."

"You are right, Father Baptiste," said Dubois, tapping his shoulder, "as my poor, late mother used to say, 'A countryman is worth a bishop when his loaf is baked!'"

"Yes, but that is not the other one's idea," replied the farmer, shaking his head; "he must cut up far and wide, he never finds himself rich enough; although, God knows, we never refused him anything. Has he not just learnt that the new roadway would pass right in the centre of his property, without speaking of the large tank that they gave him to dry, and the water permits he was given. To-day, Mr. Dubois, you see, the sharpers are the only ones to succeed; therefore, when you see someone rich and affluent you can say at once that they cannot be much."

"Ah! don't believe this, sir," interrupted a traveller of small stature, with a sweet, pale face, who had listened till then in silence to the complaints of Jean Baptiste; "if there are hard and ungrateful masters, there are also some who are both grateful and generous. For my part I have a good example of such."

"You have found a good master?" queried the countryman, with an air of incredulity.

"Good enough to grant me three years of farming free after an epidemic, which had carried away all my stock."

"Three years!" exclaimed Jean Baptiste, astonished.

"And, besides, he has obtained a purse for my eldest son, whom I would have been forced to retire from the college."

"God help me! If I found a boss made of this paste I would construct him a chapel," replied the countryman.

"Without speaking of the excellent actions of his family," added the second farmer. "New Year's Day never passes without the daughters sending books to my little ones, with a letter full of politeness and of good advice."

"That is what I would call to know how to live," replied Jean Baptiste. "I wish your boss was proprietor of all the lands belonging to mine."

"No one would have to complain of him," observed the small man, "for he was equally disinterested and human for all; our town owes him a school, a public lavatory and a house of refuge for the infirm."

A murmur of approbation was heard from all those present. Honorine, who had listened to every word with a curious attention, turned to her father.

"If the Egyptians had the judgment of the dead," said she, smiling, "we have the judgment of the living. Have you heard, father?"

"I have heard everything," answered Mr. de Rivaud.

"How kindness and wickedness have their fruits without our knowing it," said the young lady; "a private action which we believe to be known only to very few always end" by being discovered and by glorifying us or depreciating us. Reputation is an edifice which we build without knowing it and which is all at once a temple or a jail."

"But are you sure that this jail or this temple is always deserved?" queried Mr. de Rivaud.

"The error is quite possible," replied Honorine; "here, for example, father, who can hesitate in establishing the difference between the two masters? Allowing whatever part you wish to spite or to gratitude, you will always have on one side the facts of hardship, pride and avidity, and on the other those of generosity, tenderness and devotedness, without having seen either of the two men spoken of. I feel all sympathy for one and all repulsion for the other, and I can unhesitatingly place them at the two opposite degrees of my estimation."

Mr. de Rivaud smiled without replying, and addressing himself to Jean Baptiste:

"The farm which you just left, is it not that of the Croisaies?" he asked.

"Just so" replied the farmer. "Do you know that country?"

"And you," he added, turning toward the second farmer, "do you not live in Challans in Vendee?"

"In fact, I do, sir," replied the pale little man.

"I thought so," answered the father of Honorine, with a smile; "then you must both know Mr. de Rivaud?"

"My wicked boss!" replied Jean Baptiste.

"My benefactor!" replied the other countryman.

"The one who took his farm away from me!"

"The one who saved me from ruin!"

The young lady could not repress a cry of stupefaction. Her father signified her to remain silent, and took her away.

"What! it was you!" said Honorine, both indignant and ashamed; "you whom that man tried to accuse of misery!"

"And of whom that other one boasted the generosity," added Mr. de Rivaud, smiling. "The two pictures resemble the same original, but each painter composed it with his own passion. Not that all they said was false; I have been severe with Jean Baptiste because he neglected my farms of the Croisaies, and he found me unjust; I have refused to see him, because I feared to be moved by his entreaties, and he found me proud. As to the farmer from Challans, what I have done for him was a just recompense for his probity and his zeal; but perhaps I have used towards him more taste and ardor than usual. Our defects and our qualities are every-day things like the rest. I certainly did not deserve any of the two reputations which have been mede to me now; but I might deserve something of both. That is why we should never judge men with such certainty without having weighed both sides carefully. But, particularly, what we should do above all things is to appreciate with reserve those whom we have not been able to study ourselves, because the reputation of a man resembles those rays of the sun which shine through variously colored glasses, it always takes the color of the person who transfers it to you.

Our Weekly Sermons By Celebrated Divines.

Written specially for the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Human Life.

"Having no hope, and without God in the world."—Ephesians II, 12.

Terrible words!—words descriptive of a condition of human consciousness which, under ordinary circumstances, ought to demand our infinite pity. If one were to come to us, and from the depths of his heart confess, "After a solemn survey of life, after a balancing of its days and nights, its light and darkness, I have been driven to the conclusion that these words would express exactly the state of my mind," we could not but feel intensely for such a man, sympathize even to tears with the travail of his soul. We would search out the depths of our knowledge, open the founts of our hearts, if we could soothe his sorrow, lighten his burden, clear the obscurity that veiled his vision; and if we failed to give relief, we would feel humiliated, and acknowledge that some of our own, and not his perversity, had caused our failure.

But suppose that there comes to us one who seems to enjoy all the comforts of life and to avoid its troubles; from whose lips ever falls the dull jeer at all that is noble and true; whose conversation lacks even a shade of seriousness: whose life is selfish and sinful; and uttering the solemn words of our text, or their substance, as a war-cry, he asks us to descend into his child-arena to play at controversy with him, our feelings will not be such as the earnest doubter arouses. We are sure that such an antagonist is too flippant in his treatment of solemn matters to deserve our serious consideration, or that, knowing the solemnity of life, he wilfully misrepresents it in order to enjoy a cheap popularity.

Passing by the flippant objector, then, we take the words of our text as the expression of a real and earnest doubt, and proceed to examine such a creed of negation as a *working theory* of human life.

For let us consider human life as a problem, concerning which every man must have a *working theory*. On the lowest ground everybody ought to have a theory of life; and, as a matter of fact, everybody has. One man's theory is that he ought to make as much money as he can. Another, that he ought to do everything to succeed in his professional career. Another is of the opinion that money is made to be spent, and that the comforts of life are the best objects on which to spend it. Another considers peace and contentment in some quiet country home better than the excitement and bustle of the city. There are a hundred such theories. Every man has his own.

Granted, then, that every one has a theory of life; it is a matter of very serious importance *what* theory we adopt. Some must be better than others; some must have more of right, and some more of wrong. We know, for instance, that the criminal's theory, or the drunkard's theory, lands the theorist in ruin. The sober, law-abiding man's theory preserve him from it.

Now, life is a great mystery. Compare it with nature. In nature you have a complicated system of phenomena presented to the mind. Since the beginning of humanity, the study of nature has absorbed its interest and engaged his thought. The natural world, at first sight, appears to be full of contradictions; heat against cold; light against darkness; life against death. It is full of mysteries which perplex the mind and contradict the senses. Yet the secrets of nature are not incapable of solution; nay, they are yielding, one by one, to the searchers of truth. Nature is telling us her secrets, revealing to us her harmonies. Man's tyrant has become man's slave. Why is this? It is because the students of nature have never been disheartened by the difficulties which confronted them; because they were aware of their own ignorance and of the solemnity of the task they had undertaken; because they distrusted the senses and submitted their evidence to the scrutiny of reason; because they recognized the impossibility of obtaining certainty all at once, and groped for the truth through the dark maze of probability.

Now, suppose that students of nature had acted differently. Confronted as they were with phenomena and groups of phenomena, concerning which they had no certain knowledge, suppose they had said, "Of this world of nature we know little or nothing; therefore we are going to leave it alone. We will deal with facts, not

with probabilities; with what is, not with what might be." If the students of nature had taken up such a position, all human progress would have been retarded. We would have no ships, no steam engines, no telegraphs or telephones; we would be no better than our fathers, as far as scientific progress is concerned.

Human life, like nature, is a mystery. There are in it the same uncertainties and contradictions. We see the righteous man poor, and the evil man prospering. We see one man suffer for another man's sin. Wherever we look we are met with difficulties. Well, because we have no certain knowledge concerning many of the phenomena of human life, is Agnosticism a sensible position for us to take towards them? I submit that if the analogy of nature be any guide to us—and I believe it is such a guide—the position of the Agnostic is an unsound one. To say, "we know nothing of all this mystery of life, and therefore we *can* know nothing; because we cannot have *certainty*, we will not think *at all*; because we cannot have a *perfect* theory of life, we will have *no* theory at all";—to speak thus is to ignore the plain teachings of science and fact. For such a speaker bears the same relation to the enigmas of life that the savage does to those of nature. He is the slave of the senses. The savage will not believe you if you tell him that the earth goes round the sun, because his eyes tell him that the sun goes round the earth. The Agnostic will doubt the possibility of life after death, because his senses tell him that death is the end of life. One cannot see how, on the Agnostic position, there is to be any progress in religious thought. This is but a sorry position. Its holder stands like the savage on the the lowest rung of the human ladder, and, like the savage, to remain there until wiser men, who know their own folly, do our work for us.

But what shall we say of him who says point-blank that there is no immortality? Of what value is his working theory of life? Surely it does not work well. Of a number of phenomena which are facts in our nature it gives us no account. It demands of us the enormous concession that nature and man have been evolved out of blind force, the origin of which force it cannot find. It fails to account for that part of human nature which lies outside the realm of matter. Of truth and goodness and love it can say nothing. Of the sense of "ought" and "ought not" within the soul, it is silent. Of "will," that phenomenon which marks man in every stage of his development, it suggests no satisfactory account. And yet no less an authority than Professor Tyndal has said that the facts of religious feeling are to him as real as the facts of physics. Of man's capacity for progress and his continuous growth in wisdom and in knowledge, it proposes no explanatory theory. To sum up: while it gives what seems to be solutions of those phenomena which belong to the *animal* side of life, it has not a word to say concerning those facts of *religious feeling*, which are just as real. What, then, follows? That materialism, as a working theory, fails to account for some of *the commonest phenomena in human nature;* and that in any case it only accounts for what all enlightened men acknowledge to be the lowest part of human nature. Surely we can get something better than this.

Try this theory at the bar of history, as regards facts. It fails to tell us why all mankind, through cloud and mist, have yet believed in God; why men, from the earliest ages, have banded together to worship the Invisible. What has it to say of those who have given up their lives for others; who have died for the truth? Nothing that deserves the name of explanation.

Try it at the bar of history, as regards results. If history be a faithful and truthful commentator, the logical result of materialism is despair and loathing of life. If this life alone be all, it is not worth the living. Look at the Rome of the Empire—that common sink into which all the iniquities of an atheistic humanity flowed. Think of its bestial selfishness, its sensuality, its gluttony, its insane thirst for blood, its intense hopelessness, its impatience of life:

"On that hard pagan world, disgust
And secret loathing fell;
Deep weariness and sated lust
Made human life a hell,"

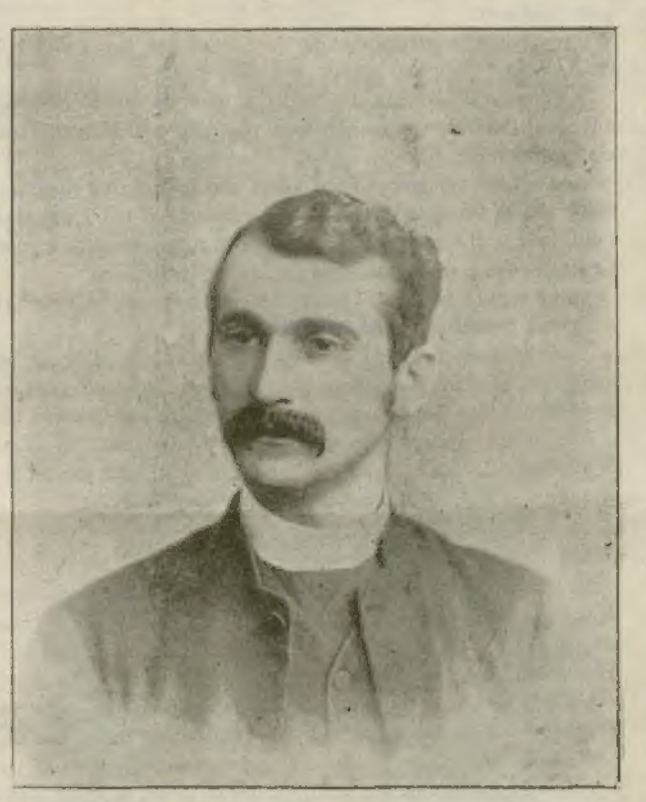
Life—material life—had been exhausted of every drop of pleasure it could give, and the result was a worn-out, effeminate, debauched people, bankrupt of all that raises man above the beast. And the noble souls to whom it was allotted to live in that age could not endure it. The burden was too great; the scene was too sad. The game was not worth the candle; therefore they sought refuge in the dark shade of a self-inflicted death.

What has material philosophy to say of those matters which affect the *heart?* What has it to say to the man who is conscious of utter despair, and is struggling to come forth into the light? What has it for the heart crushed and bleeding under the iron wheel of adversity? What hope has it for those whose tears fall by the new-made grave? It *has* a message for the new-born babe: "Cursed art thou; cursed is the force that gave thee life; cursed is the world into which thou art born; there is no hope for thee; there is no God in the world."

You remember Richter's dream. He was in the churchyard at the dead of night. The graves were opened; strange shadows flitted round the church. A sultry mist hung round him, hot and close. The earth staggered beneath his feet. He sought refuge in the church, and found there but shadows standing round an empty altar. And as he looked there came to the altar One of noble mien, whose face bespoke a grief ineffable; and all the dead cried out: "Christ, is there no God?" And He answered, "There is none." Then came a piteous sight,—the little children who had been awakened from the sleep of death, they filled the church, and casting themselves before the noble form that stood beside the altar, they cried, "Jesus, have we no Father?" And the noble figure answered them with streaming tears, "We are all orphans, children; we have no Father." "And when I awoke," said the dreamer, "my soul wept for joy that I could still pray to God, and the joy and the weeping and the faith in Him were my prayer. And as I rose, the sun was glowing deep behind the full-purpled ears of corn and the gentle moon was rising in the east, and between earth and sky the gay insect world was living as I did—in the light of the infinite Father; and from all nature round me flowed peaceful tones as from distant evening bells."

Is a man prepared to give up rashly that working theory of life which Christ has given to man? That theory supposes God; supposes that nature has an intelligent Author and Governor; supposes that man has a Father of his spirit. For him who holds with Christ, righteousness and truth and love are no mere empty dreams, nor yet mere accidents resulting from certain movements of the brain, but realities grounded in One who is Himself Truth, Righteousness and Love. We ask Christ, "Whence come man's capacity for progress—the *fact* of his progress? He answers: It is because man is God's child; because he has something of God in him, and because God is guiding, enlightening and assisting His child to grow in wisdom and in truth. Christ takes the baby from the cradle and marks it as a child of the Eternal Father. He tells us that this Father, in all that men call goodness, excels the very best of earthly parents. He bids us burst the bonds of earthly desires and passions, because we are born to the inheritance of a heavenly kingdom. He tells us that we are citizens of an eternal city, and, therefore, that we must look beyond the transient, ever-changing form of the world of sense to the changeless and ever-abiding reality of that world which can never die. He gives a man a theory of life, which, followed honestly, must raise him who holds it to a higher level. The man who tries even in a small degree to do as Christ bids him, cannot be base, cannot be sensual, cannot be a curse,—must be a blessing.

And for the *child* Christ has a message of hope. He tells him that his Father is educating him here for a greater life beyond the veil. He bids him look on sorrow and trouble as means whereby his future character may be shaped for good—as the vestibule to



Hartley Carmichael.

the temple of experience. He treats decay and death as the elements of change necessary to the growth of the immortal spirit. He bids him cultivate all powers of mind and spirit, since there is an eternal field of evolution for them when the mortal body is laid aside. He commands him to love all men as God has loved him. He gives him a brave, manly, hopeful theory of life, which, if heartily adopted, cannot but bless the adopter.

Look at the riddle of life. Christianity, at any rate, *has a theory concerning it.* For it the race is redeemed by God—is growing and developing under the care of God. Evil, it holds, is a mark of growth to be warred against, because it retards progress and is opposed to that God who willeth not the death of a sinner. Christianity assures us that victory is on the side of right. It bids us be of good cheer. The disease that mars, it says, shall yet be done away. The world is a field where God is doing all that can be done for man's salvation. Man's will is warring against God's good purpose because man does not yet know God aright. Christianity points to a day when the war between good and evil shall cease; when the victory shall remain with the good: when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of the Lord and of his Christ, and God shall become all in all.

Do we ask, "Is Christianity practical?" The answer is decidedly in the affirmative. It warns you against being a slave of the world; but it tells you at the same time that you belong to the world, and that you cannot ignore it. "If a man will not work, neither let him eat." It will not allow that a man is a mere drudge; but, on the other hand, it reminds him that he is a workman who ought not to be ashamed of his work.

Christianity can appeal to history. Whenever men have been true to the doctrines of Jesus Christ they have been exponents of all that is noble and true. Such were the noble army of martyrs. Thousands of holy lives have been lived for the love of Christ. Wherever the precepts of Jesus have been practiced, there has righteousness flourished, and all that elevates man abound. If Christianity has seemed to fail, it is because those who have professed it have not obeyed the precepts of their Master. No man who has acted on Christ's theory of life has been a retarding element in the progress of mankind.

Have you got a working theory of life? You *must* have one. For God's sake *be careful in your choice.* It is, as Goethe says,

"Brief, but yet endless."

Rev. Hartley Carmichael.

The Rev. Hartley Carmichael was born in Dublin in March 1854. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he took honors in English Literature. After his brilliant course he was ordained to deacon and priest at Truro, by the present Archbishop of Canterbury, 1877. In 1878 he was curate of St. Stephens, lecturer at St. Michael's, Highgate, also curate of Calstock, Cornwall. He has published a book of lectures, called "Foot-prints," and is distinguished in literary work. He was rector of the Church of Ascension in Hamilton for a long and successful period. He is now rector of St. Paul's, Richmond, Va., the most important church in Virginia. The Rev. Mr. Carmichael is widely known among Canadians; and as widely respected. He was one of the features of clerical life here, and hundreds knew with regret that he had determined to become a denizen of the United States. Canada can ill afford to lose such sons as Mr. Carmichael, but we hope that his power to do good has become widened with other circumstances, and that his sphere of usefulness continually increases. ED.

In this series have already appeared:

Dec.	26th,	1891:	Rev. Benjamin Thomas, D.D., Toronto.
Jan.	2nd,	1892:	Rev. Chas. Mockridge, D.D., Toronto.
"	9th,	" :	Rev. Hugh Johnston, D.D., Toronto.
"	16th,	" :	Rev. W. Rainsford, D.D., New York.
"	23rd,	" :	Rev. Joseph Wild, D.D., Toronto.
"	30th,	" :	Rev. S. M. Milligan, B.A., Toronto.
Feb.	6th,	" :	Rev. O. C. S. Wallace, Toronto.
"	13th,	" :	Rev. Prof. Clarke, F.R.S.C., Toronto.
"	20th,	" :	Rev. S. P. Rose, Montreal.
"	27th,	" :	Rev. John Walsh, D.D., Toronto.
March	5th,	" :	Rev. Wm. Cochrane, D.D., Brantford, Ont.
"	12th,	" :	Rev. H. F. Bland, Quebec.
"	19th,	" :	Rev. James Watson, Huntington.
"	26th,	" :	Rev. Manly Benson, Toronto.
April	2nd,	" :	Rev. John Burton, M.A., B.D., Toronto.
"	9th,	" :	Rev. W. T. McMullen, D.D. Woodstock.
"	16th,	" :	Rev. Septimus Jones, M.A. Toronto.
"	23rd,	" :	Rev. James Henderson, M.A., Toronto.
"	30th,	" :	Rev. R. Tiefy, B. A., Toronto.
May	7th,	" :	Rev. William Henry Warriner, M.A., B.D., Montreal.
"	14th,	" :	Rev. Thomas Cumming, Truro, N. S.
"	21st,	" :	Rev. J. J. Hare, B.A., Whitby.
"	28th,	" :	Rev. Archibald McGregor, Forest, Ont.

Co-Operation of the Wife.

No man ever prospered to the fullest extent without the co-operation of his wife. If she unites in mutual endeavors or rewards his labors with an endearing smile, with what confidence will he resort to his merchandise or his farm, fly over the land, sail upon seas, meet difficulty and encounter danger, if he knows that he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labor will be rewarded by the sweets of home. Solicitude and disappointment enter the history of every man's life, and he is but half provided for his voyage who finds but an associate for happy hours, while for his months of darkness and distress no sympathizing partner is prepared.

About Character.

Did you never write a letter, and just as you were finishing it let your pen fall on it, or a drop of ink blot the fair page? It was the work of a moment, but the evil could not be entirely effaced.

Did you never cut yourself unexpectedly and quickly? It took days or weeks to heal the wound, and even then the scar remained.

It is related of Lord Brougham, a celebrated English nobleman, that one day he occupied a conspicuous place in a group to have his photograph taken; but at an unfortunate moment he moved. The picture was taken but his face was blurred.

Do you ask what application we would make of these facts? Just this: "It takes a lifetime to build a character; it only takes one moment to destroy it." "Watch and pray," therefore, "that ye enter not into temptation." "Let him that thinketh he stands take heed lest he fall."

Engagements.

When a girl who is engaged to be married tells of her engagement, it is a very good sign that she was never engaged before.

Every woman believes that if her husband could be married to some other woman for a week, he would know how to appreciate her.

Marriage seems never so much a failure to a man as when something goes wrong at home that he cannot possibly blame on his wife.

It makes no difference how worthless a man is, his mother thinks it no sacrilege to delude the best girl in the world into marrying him.

We heard two young men discussing boarding-houses. "At the place where I board," one of them said, "the home influence better than the meals."

Young people usually talk so much to each other when they are engaged that by the time they are married they have nothing left to say, and begin to invite others in.

Society Doings.

"What the world of fashion is doing."

A VERY grand and beautiful affair, was the ball given by the Victoria club last Friday. All the *elite* of Toronto and many visitors from a distance were present. The rink looked very lovely with electric lights, gas, and draperies of rich colors on ceiling and galleries. The supper was served in a large marquee on the lawn, and comprised every dainty which that first class caterer, Webb, could supply. The hot bouillon and dainty plover were acceptable adjuncts as the air was pretty cool, owing to the extremely low temperature which has prevailed here lately. The ladies' dressing rooms were cosy and spacious and every attention was shown to the guests. Major Cosby, in a splendid Highland suit, received the guests. This genial gentleman is President of the Victoria club. The forty eight Royal Highlanders attended in full uniform as the guests of the gallant President. Their magnificent dress lent great lustre to the handsome tableau presented by the crowd of beautiful women in full evening toilette, who floated in the mazy waltzes, and walked gracefully through the stately quadrilles and lancers. By the way, it was rather an old fashioned notion to have a quadrille, as only the older dancers knew anything about the figures. A Highland schottische was one of the prettiest dances I ever saw, then the Kilties had their greatest success, and did steps intricate and "prancings wondrous high." A real old Highland dancer was Mr. Adams, who took his partner round the hall in perfect Highland fashion, to the delight of the spectators. On the dais I noticed Mrs. Hendrie of Hamilton, in a faint hued blue brocade, an aigrette head dress, and looked remarkably well. Mrs. Thomas Hodgins of Bloor street West, looked stately in a bright red gown, with jet clasps, Mrs. Beatty, of the park, wore green, her gems were rich and effective, Mrs. Dawson was dignified and queenly in yellow silk. On the floor were grouped ladies fair and gallants gay, too numerous too mention. Among the prettiest ladies were the four daughters of ex-alderman Walker, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Moffatt, Mrs. Cameron and Mrs. Gibson. Mrs. Wright wore a handsome pink satin, Mrs. Moffatt a dainty blue, with black hat, Mrs. Cameron looked elegant in green brocade, and Mrs. Gibson, petite and dainty, wore a quaint little white and blue gown, which reminded one of a dear little maid from school. Mrs. Neville, of Ontario street, looked radiant in a pale blue and fringe of grasses and wild flowers. Mrs. Bristol wore a yellow chiffon, Miss Seymour white satin striped chiffon, Miss Violet Seymour white silk. One of the richest gowns seen was worn by Miss Hall, of Sherbrooke, I think our artist Jean took a sketch of it. The Misses Beatty, of the Park, looked lovely in white and mauve, Mrs. Shepley wore a lovely pink crepon, with garnet velvet train. Miss Gussie Hodgins wore a pretty yellow gown, with velvet in moss green as garniture, Miss Tootie Heward was blooming in blue, with steel girdle. Mrs. Harry Patterson wore white silk, Miss Shanley a vivid red frock. Mrs. Henry Duggan wore pink and looked beautiful. Mrs. Cosby, the wife of the President, wore a magnificient brocade in pale blue, and was one of the most striking figures in the room. Miss Ella Gooderham was becomingly gowned in pale blue, with red flowers. Miss Kingsmill looked sweet, in blue, Miss Louie Janes wore a pretty yellow dress with blue trimmings. Miss Pope, daughter of the Consul wore white embroidered chiffon. These are but a few of the lovely gowns which do Toronto modistes so much credit abroad, and at home.

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WE went to press too early to give more than a note of Miss Maude Rutherford's marriage to Mr Pipon, the well-known manager of Molson's bank. A full account with drawings of the Bride and Bridesmaids' costumes will appear in our next issue.

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AT 600 Spadina ave, the home of the bride, a quiet wedding was solemized last week between Harry Hume, of Port Hope, grain merchant, and Miss Mary Georgina (Minnie), eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Taggart. The Rev. Elmore Harris officiated. The happy couple left on the 8.30 eastbound train to take the *SS. Ontario*, sailing May 25th for England. Mr. and Mrs. Hume will make an extended tour of the continent, returning to their new home this fall.

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MRS. FARRAR and Miss Horin-Crook sailed for Ireland by the steamer *Circassian* last week.

Home Education.

In spite of the multitude of schools private and public, there is room for the governess. Many mothers naturally prefer to have their daughters brought up under their own roof. They feel happy in the knowledge that their girls are not exposed to influences they would disapprove, as they might be were they sent to day or boarding schools, and they are able to carry out any particular views as to the education of their children. When there are two of several sisters, the home school-room is undoubtedly, from certain points of view, the best training ground for young girls. When their characters are formed, it may again become a question of choosing between a school and master for "finishing" purposes. No difficulty, surely, can be found in these days in meeting with a lady fitted by birth and education to undertake the education of the daughters of gentlemen. It is to be hoped that the old and ignorant prejudice against "the governess" is fast dying out, and that there is now little fear lest the lady to whom a mother intrusts the forming of her daughter's character and the cultivation of her mind should be treated as someone a little below the level of an "upper-servant.' Girls of the present and coming generations are fortunate in this respect—that their teachers can be chosen from a large body of high-educated ladies, many of whom indeed are forced by the stress of circumstances to work, but many of whom also, on the other hand, choose to labor in the field of education. And while a great deal more thought is bestowed on the systems of education, and lesson-books are things of comparative delight instead of being as in the good old times, a means of mental torture and repression, our girl students are to be accounted fortunate that a third condition of their school-life is also happy and that their mistresses are woman fitted to win not only their respect and esteem, but also their affection.

Rules Governing Ladies' Cards.

Ladies' cards are governed by the following rules: A married woman in society, especially with daughters, should always use the prefix "Mrs." Widows and maiden ladies often prefer to use the simple name without prefix; fashion dictates otherwise.

A young lady in society, having passed her first season, should, if the eldest daughter, use simply, for instance, "Miss Bothwell.' If a younger daughter she should use her Christian name in full. In her first season a debutante should engrave her name below that of her mother, her individual card not appearing till the second season.

On visiting with her mother, the name of a daughter may be engraved below that of her mother; if separate, her card should always be left with her mother's card. The same applies to a plurality of daughters, the names being grouped.

Whom Not to Marry.

Never marry a man who has only his love for you to recommend him.

It is very fascinating, but it does not make the man.

The most perfect man who did not love you should never be your husband.

But, though marriage without love is terrible, love only will not do.

If the man is dishonorable to other men, or mean, or given to any vice, the time will come when you will either loathe him or sink to his level.

It is hard to remember amid kisses and praises that there is anything else in the world to be done or thought of but love-making; but the days of life are many, and the husband must be a guide to be trusted—a companion, a friend, as well as a lover.

Many a girl has married a man whom she knows to be anything but good, "because he loved her so."

And the flame has died out on the hearthstone of home before long, and beside it she has seen sitting one that she could never hope would lead her heavenward—one who, if she followed him as a wife should, would guide her footsteps to perdition.

Marriage is a solemn thing—a choice for life. Be careful in the choosing.

The Etiquette of Visiting.

Visiting now begins in good earnest, and we have once more to rack our memories as to the first and third Mondays, and four to six, and five to seven, and all the painful details of our friends' At Home days.

Visits get shorter and shorter, and there is no telling how many drawing-rooms a lady of fashion flits into during the course of the afternoon.

A few inquiries after the family, a bit of news, a flying account of her recent travels, and the smart lady has vanished like some brilliant bird which has flown into a room for an instant, and is off again on its travels.

Conversation is necessarily condensed under these circumstances, there is time for very few topics, and a subject is abandoned almost as soon as it is introduced.

Daughters appear to be rather in the background nowadays, and to be approaching the condition of the French *jeune fille*, a kind of speechless satelite in the train of a brilliant mamma.

Mothers all look so young nowadays, and the correct form of asking after daughters seems to be:

"And how is that great girl of yours? Dear me! it seems too ridiculous that you should be her mamma!"

The answer is also stereotyped and runs as follows:

"You see, I married when I was sixteen."

Tea is still a feature of afternoon calls, but it is not so prominent as formerly.

People pay so many calls in the course of the afternoon, and they only drink tea at one of the houses they visit.

The cup of tea is offered and accepted in the most airy manner possible; sometimes the hostess pours it out, sometimes the servant hands it round, sometimes the hostess wheels over a little plush table to the side of her guest, and places a cup of tea on it, and leaves the cake and bread and butter on it for her to help herself.

Lawn-tennis cake is popular, and is cut generally into narrow slices, in the fashion which our ancestresses used to call "lady's fingers"; if a round cake is served, it is generally cut in the old-fashioned way, the whole cake cut across and across into little pieces, but standing upright.

The habit of printing the At Home day on the card has led to an entire revolution in the habit of card-leaving.

Once on a time it was considered incorrect to leave your card if you had seen the lady of the house, but at present we have changed all that, and a visitor always leaves her card, so that her friend may know when she is to be found at home.

The card is not sent up beforehand, but is laid on a table in the hall.

The card is supposed to be left on the way out, but as a matter of fact it is the first thing a lady does when she enters a house, for fear she should forget it.

Cosy Corner Chats With Our Girls.

(This department is edited by Cousin Ruth who will be glad to hear from our girl readers. Address all letters, suggestions, comments, questions to "Cousin Ruth," Ladies Pictorial Weekly, etc.)

"IS the Cosy Corner large enough to admit another cousin?" asks "Nix," and without waiting for an answer she says, "I am going to pop in and see you, in my mind's eye." Yes, my dear, and in your body's eye, too, for as you see, the good man at the head of affairs has put me at the head of the column. Oh, by the way, I had such a funny surprise from a little cousin whom I never suspected of being a cousin at all, the week after that picture appeared first. I was in a big dry-goods store, here in the city, when this dear little maid came charging up to me, and said in a loud whisper, "Oh yes, madam, I know all about you, *you* are the LADIES' PICTORIAL'S Cousin Ruth, and I've got your picture, so now; and did you know I'd written to you?" I didn't, not a bit, but she had, and you and I know her quite well. She is about the prettiest and sweetest of you all, and you may love her a great deal, for she deserves it.

PLEASE forgive me, dear Nix, for "episoding," as Mrs. Josiah Allen would call it. And all the while your lovely description of your home waiting to be talked about. Listen girls all; Nix lives in a *lighthouse*, (I guess someday some girl will send us a letter from the moon or one of the planets!) Far above the sea, with the river on one side of it, a few yards from the door, tall and white is Nix's home! partly surrounded by forest, railway and road close by, and a small village on the fourth side. "All the tourists call it a beautiful place," says Nix, "and I often think, if I were an artist, I should paint it some day, with the red sunset glowing over the blue rippling waves, and across the broad green fields, or at night, when the moon glitters on the water, through the tall tree tops.

AND so there is some Irish in you, Nix, and I mustn't make fun of the Irish Biddies or Paddies? Sure, my dear, they are ready-made, boiled down, essence of fun already. Your question about what books I read, has been answered ere this, I think, on account of what some other cousin wrote. I too think Walter Scott slow, sometimes, and you'll see how "one" you and I are about sea stories. I do love them so! Before you read this, dear, the sea will be between us, but you can answer right away to Cousin Ruth, Post Office, Dublin, and I will get it before I come back. And now girls, Mix says, "introduce me to the girls, and ask one of them to write to me." Come on, Cora, you love nature, and a light-house is in nature's heart, 'twixt earth and sky and sea. I think you and Nix would go well together. I hope that naughty Maria has sent me her address, or poor Susie's letter will be very stale fish indeed!

WELL, I declare, here she is, the very Maria, and she says, "I am the most impatient girl alive." Who'd have thought it? And she begins to ask, what about Susie? and poor Susie's blank envelope, with the stamp on, only waiting for an address. Naughty Maria! Now, miss, please don't say, oh, this must be a scolding for Mary or Marie or Marion, surely not for *me!* It's just for you, and you need it. Am I not wicked to answer your pretty letter in this style. And all the loves from the mother and the rest of them in it too. There! Maria, I take it all back. And so you have cousins in New York too? I wonder if they are as nice as you? Well, Maria, my dear, you don't want me to come and see you a bit more than I want to come. When you get this letter, I shall be in the midst of a nest of cousins, who, poor benighted people! don't know anything about our nice Cosy Corner. They are mostly very tall boys, with merry Irish eyes, and lots of cousin love for your Cousin Ruth.

COUSIN Juanita comes back, with Cousin Carrie's thanks in her hand. You funny creature! I do believe in dreams, Juanita,, especially the kind one has after eating cheese just at bed-time. They are generally awful. Talking of eating cheese and dreaming reminds me that Juanita wants a crumb of Wenona's wedding cake to dream on. Well, I will save it for you, my dear, if you will promise to tell us your visions. You can't have a very great lot just over one crumb, can you? I gave your message to Boaz, and he grunted, that is the way pigs say thank you, he may have meant that. It is a long time since I have had a horse-back ride, Juanita, but I have a spin on a wheel every fine day. It is not quite so varied as the different gaits of a horse, but it is ever so much handier, and less expensivy. I am very glad Carrie's affair was so successful, tell her. Your loving

Cousin Ruth

Fashions.

"What we really want is advice."—RUDYARD KIPLING.

Address letters relating to this department to Editor "Fashions" Ladies' Pictorial Weekly, etc.

Fashions at the Ontario Jockey Club Meeting.

Who is it that says "Beauty unadorned is adorned the most." This is evidently not thought to be the case by the Canadian ladies

MISS ARTHUR'S COSTUME.

who turned out in large numbers during the past week to the pretty Woodbine course of the O. J. C., and who vied with each other in making their costumes such as to attract the sterner sex. Never before has there been such an assembly in Toronto in which so many and varied costumes have been worn, the grand stand and lawn being one blaze of brilliant coloring, and forming a sight that once seen will not soon be forgotten. The prevalence of flowers on the hats and bonnets in nearly all cases lent an additional touch of color to costumes that were charming even without it. One hat that particularly called my attention was worn by a lady from New York, and was in leghorn straw, with flowers placed all round the brim, the tints being varied and extremely delicate, and contrasting with the pale yellow of the brim had a most charming effect. We published last week sketches of some of the pretty dresses we saw, and are reproducing more this week. One of the most striking costumes was that worn by Mrs. Merritt, and was made in crimson silk, with cream silk bodice and upper part of the sleeves, while three large streamers of cream-colored ribbon, terminating in a tasty bow, hung down the front of the skirt and another similar one from the back of the collar. These large ribbon and bow trimmings will be very fashionable this season. The hat worn was a leghorn straw, trimmed to match the dress. The new Eton jacket was seen in many styles, and we have sketched two in very varied designs. One, worn by Miss Arthur, had the coat in dark blue, while the vest was in scarlet, and the skirt had equal stripes quite two inches wide of crimson and blue to match the coat, with a band of blue round the bottom of the skirt. The other, worn by Mrs. John MacAndrews, was in white serge throughout, with white silk lacings, and was relieved by white tubular braiding on the coat sleeves and skirt. These white and cream serges are very much worn this season, and a large number—all styles of make and cut—were to be seen dotted about the lawn, and gave quite a relief to the many brilliant costumes surrounding them. This last dress was

MRS. MERRITT'S COSTUME.

made by Stovel's, as were also Mrs. Boulton's and Mrs. Carruther's, which we gave last week. Another stylish tailor-made costume was that worn by Miss Snarr, and was made in grey whipcord, with leather waistcoat, and was a most appropriate costume for a race meeting. The dress in the right hand top corner of page 360 was worn by a well-known Montreal lady, and was in blue-grey worsted, with braidings twisted to match. These last two costumes were also made by the same firm. These tailor-made costumes, while lacking the brilliancy of other gowns, have a great deal of style in their appearance, to say nothing of comfort. Another one we noticed was that worn by Miss Greet, made in a Scotch tinsel cheviot, the stripes of which were shot with gold; the waistcoat was in cream kersey and braided with gold braid. This dress and Mrs. E. W. Cox's, which we gave last week, were made at Score's. To get back to the more dressy costumes Mrs. Hugh Ryan's was made of vieux rose moire brocaded striped silk, with a full front of green bengaline silk, the waist in the same material, all edged with a narrow passementerie. We have not sketched this dress, as it is impossible to reproduce the handsome material, and it was that more than the style which made the dress noticeable. Mrs. Wynans, of New York, wore a pale mauve India silk, with a black striped bell-shape skirt, which had three rufflings of black Brussels net and jet round the bottom, the trimmings on the bodice being chiffon ruffles and lace and jet fringe. Another handsome dress was that worn by Mrs. McConnell, and was in duchesse satin, with buttercup and pale blue stripe; the bodice was black lace and the puffs, vest and bottom of the dress formed of black lace over light blue silk. These three dresses and those for Mrs. Austin Smith, Mrs. Croil and the three on the top of the page in last week's issue were all made by Wm. Stitt & Co. Three other pretty dresses are the two at the bottom of this page and the one in the left hand bottom corner of page 360. The first two were both tweed dresses, and are sufficiently shown by the sketch, the first having the

MISS GREET'S COSTUME.

tweed relieved by a silk front and braid ornaments; the third was in Henrietta cloth and had a very handsome brocaded velvet waist and tops of the sleeves. These three costumes were made by Miss Morrison. Space does not permit of further sketches and descriptions, but we reluctantly leave our task, feeling that we have only touched a few of the many handsome costumes worn during he race week.

SMART SS AT THE WOODBINE.

STYLISH COSTUME AT O. J. C.

Fashion Notes.

ENORMOUS bows of soft silk give the young women who wear

MISS SNARR'S COSTUME.

them a gay and flippant look; they are so huge that the throat seems entirely swallowed up in them.

AN ingenious female has hit upon the idea of a "dress album," in which tiny cuttings of every gown belonging to its owner are to be chronologically arranged, under the dates on which they were purchased.

THE cotton outing cloths are so nice that they are scarcely distinguishable from French flannel, the same patterns being reproduced. They are especially to be commended for children, as the colors are fast and they can be easily washed and no starching is requisite.

SMART DRESS AT THE O. J. C. RACES.

A RAINBOW fair is a pretty idea. The hall, the booths and the gowns of the fair saleswomen are all in rainbow tints, and the roof is spanned by a huge rainbow made of tinted cheese cloth. The gay coloring is extremely effective and the Rainbow fair is generally a success.

LACE is *the* one thing we can look upon as unchangeable for all the summer to come, all the quaint old patterns being reproduced in the loveliest white silk blonde or black Chantilly; and trees, bunches of fruit of all descriptions, Cupids and Raphaelesque designs are among the latest.

A FASHIONABLE evening bodice is of light grey silk. The Princess sash, which lays in graceful folds about the waist, is of a delicate tint of grey chiffon. At the side is a bow with long ends of rose-pink ribbon. The neck is cut round, and falling in a deep frill over the bust is a flounce of pale pink chiffon embroidered in silver.

CLOTH vests of different colors vary the monotony of an open coat; removable ones are useful as they can be changed at will;

MRS. JOHN M'ANDREW'S COSTUME.

they are adjusted by a strapped back, like that in a man's vest. They are usually tailor-stitched and sometimes ornamented with embroidery. Long, square lapped waistcoats of rich brocade are worn with the Louis coats.

BRODERIE Russe is now much used for decorating the Russian blouses so much worn; the embroidery is done in the old time cross stitch. To do it cut strips of canvas and baste them on the article to be ornamented; it is executed generally in dark blue or white cotten, but that is merely a matter of taste. Blue or red cotten blouses are decorated in this way, or strips of alternating color are sewed together and embroidered in a contrasting tint.

THE ordinary street dress shows rather more simplicity of style than was promised early in the season. The favorite model for a wool dress is the bell skirt, either perfectly plain or with a gathered or slightly plaited ruffle at the hem. Long coat-basques will be worn, and a very pretty style has a pointed basque, with side-plaited frill of India silk falling some distance below the waist-line. With this frill are neck and sleeve ruchings of the same silk, the latter pinked out in small scallops.

A GREAT deal of India silk ruching and ruffling will be used on dresses of light quality of wool, whether in black or colors. A very pretty Henrietta-cloth dress has three narrow pinked ruffles of India silk, with a very deep bertha shaped waist-trimming, also of the silk. This waist-trimming is set on very scant over the shoulders, and forms a sort of cape which falls almost to the elbows at the sides, and runs to a very narrow point back and front. A long,

TAILOR-MADE COSTUME WORN AT THE RACES.

white sash of pinked silk is worn with this costume.

SOME cool summer petticoats are of grey alpaca, with a full ruche around them; others are of flowered moreen, made plain; but the most general are the fancy plaid silks, with one very deep flounce, the upper part being cut as plainly as possible. Some petticoats are most elaborate; for instance, a black silk with a cluster of tiny roses over it, would have a fall of black lace over green silk, headed by a rose pink ruche set into a wider one of green silk; or a primrose silk, with a stripe or design of pale heliotrope, would have a white lace flounce over pale heliotrope, with several runnings of the same shade of "baby" ribbon, culminating every now and then in rosettes.

MRS. M'CONNELL'S COSTUME.

Table Talk.

The Table.

There is no department of the household in which the character of the householder is more clearly revealed than in the table, and this not more in the viands than in the appointments. We are all aware of the difference in influence upon the appetite in a table in which neatness and order prevail, as opposed to the slipshod and careless methods that sometimes obtain. In the latter it requires a stomach insensible to conditions to support the natural desire for food; while the former acts as a tonic, the desire for food asserting itself despite the lack of inclination for enjoying the pleasures of the palate which frequently accompanies a delicate stomach or a sensitive appetite. A sense of disgust is engendered in the one; in the other a zest is experienced which amounts to delight. With the linen immaculate, the china and the glass faultlessly clean, and the silver and cutlery glittering, it matters not that the repast consists of a few simple dishes, the appetite asserts its natural office and a wholesome sense of pleasure is found in the food.

But the exceptions understood do not affect the rule, and neatness in the ordering of the table must be considered as not only indicative of a refinement of taste and purity of thought, but as promotive alike of contentment and health.

The habits of life in different countries differ in none of the appointments of living more than in the methods of taking food. Among some the eating merely to live is the practice; others seem to live only to eat, the gross sensualism developed in an overfondness for the delights of the stomach, debasing and weakening the intellect, while depraving and brutalizing the moral nature.

THE DINNER.

It is to the dinner, however, as the principal meal of the day, that, among all civilized people, chief thought is given. The dinner calls out all the resourses of taste and elegance in its ordering, as well in the laying of the table as in the viands which are to constitute the feast. A white cloth is admitted by connoisseurs in the appointments of the table to be at the same time the most elegant and the most tasteful that can be used for dinner, not only because of the purity of effect so grateful to the palate, but as supplying the most pleasing grounding for relief in the furnishing and decoration. Yet it must be confessed that in regard to the table-cloth, taste has become somewhat corrupted, an apology being found for this in the many elegant manufactures of table-damask in which colors have been introduced. There are fashionable dinners distinguished by a keynote of color; and this caprice, doubtless, is the outgrowth of the splendid manufactures of table-damask in linen-and-silk, or of silk-faced linen, which have been produced in white and colors. Thus we have dinners with the linen in gold color, the china in white with gold decoration, and the color scheme carried out in floral decoration of water lillies, field daisies, or some other golden-hearted blossom. In dinner tables laid with pink silk-faced demask, the scheme of color is carried out in china of pink decoration and floral decoration of pink roses, carnations, trailing arbutus, hyacinths, pink lillies or chrysanthemums and so on; a distinctive color characterizing the ordering of the table.

The decorated central square, or tidy, is sometimes superplanted on the dinner table by a scarf which reaches from the soup tureen in front of the hostess to the *piece de resistence* which has place in front of the host; or which reaches very nearly the entire length of the table. In questionable taste, it must be said, these squares and scarfs are as often in silk, satin, plush and velvet (and occasionally in cloth-of-gold) as of linen, the richest embroidery ornamenting them, and the finest laces and even ribbon bows seen as trimming. In preference, for the purpose understood, though also regarded by certain connoisseurs in dinner-giving as of faultless taste, the mirror for the centre of the table may be commended. There is certainly no objection that can be urged against the delightfully embroidered linen tidy, as the subserting for the *epergne*; while plush velvet and tinsel cloth, however sumptuous in effect or rich in ornamentation and finish, are manifestly incongruous in the place. In defence of the table mirror there is the sancation of many years in both foreign and American families; and in the historic mirror in which the ladies of our presidential mansion have seen themselves reflected on court occasions through many administrations—perhaps from Mrs. Washington to Mrs. Harrison. A pleasing conceit in the laying of a table has form in a mirror surrounded by greens in imitation of a lake, in the centre of which swims a great white china swan, burdened with the fruits and the flowers, tiny cygnets here and there on the glassy surface bearing the posies intended for the guests at the dinner.

Set floral pieces of characteristic significance, as for instance arrangements supporting a flag, a harp or an heraldic device, in compliment of the guest honored in the entertainment, are also *en regle*; but as they bear the impress of the florist rather than the happy touches of the hostess, they are only pleasing when they embody the compliment referred to, or some specific idea.

Besides the bouquet for the ladies, and the little button-hole nosegay for the gentlemen, it is now customary, in giving a fashionable dinner, to provide for the ladies less perishable souvenirs of the occasion, these dainty little rememberances having form in exquisite little pieces of china or satin-covered boxes filled with the finest bonbons; or it may be that the souvenir is a piece of jewelry or something equally as valuable.

The individual posies, or the flowers intended for the guests, are variously arranged upon the table. In some cases a slender crystal vase or a small cut-glass globe, holding a tiny bunch of flowers, stands at each cover, in the midst of the wine glasses; but more frequently the posies for the gentlemen, with the ends wrapped in silver foil, are laid with their cards at the places designed for them, while the flowers for the ladies consist of two or more elegant roses, or some other fine flowers cut with long stems and placed loose at the ladies' covers. Or the gentlemen's flowers are tied with narrow ribbon and those intended for the ladies are tied with rich satin ribbon three inches wide, with the ends a yard in length.

Should the table be of more than twelve covers, additional floral decorations may be placed toward each end, and for dinners of less ceremony or for everyday dinners, a potted plant may be placed in the centre of the table instead of the more elaborate decoration of cut flowers. Ladies who delight in an elegant and refreshing table grow maiden's-hair and other ferns, dracaena, dwarf palms and other suitable plants for table decoration, concealing the homeliness of the common red earth pot in a larger handsome china vase.

The decoration of the dinner table accomplished, crystal or cut-glass dishes of salted almonds as an appetizer, crystallized ginger, crystallized calamus, and dried apricots or figs, or any other desirable conserves, are placed around the central piece; and at the ends are compote dishes filled with nuts; or a pair of dishes at each end are filled alternately with nuts and fruits—almonds, English walnuts, pecans and filberts being the favorite nuts for the table, exception existing in favor of our native hickory nuts, which, if used, must always be cracked before placing on the table.

It is usual to decant claret, sherry, port and Maderia wines for the table, and to serve them in elegant bottles or jugs; and to guard against stains, the bottles are set in silver coasters. Connoisseurs of sensitive palates, however, insist that all wines should be served in the bottles in which brought from the cellar: that decanting injures the flavor; that the dust, the mildew and the cobwebs of the cellar may be merely wiped off and the unsightliness of the bottles concealed under the napkin of the butler. Champagne, sometimes *frappe*, but generally only served with ice, Sauterne, Chablis, Chateau Yquem, and the general line of white wines are poured from the bottles in which they are put up for the cellar. The flavor of the red wines is thought to be brought out by slightly warming them, and in this case they are not decanted. Water is also placed on the table in handsome bottles, and the coasters come in again as security against soiling the table cloth.

The table thus far arranged, the ladle for the soup is laid in place, the silver knife and fork for the fish, nut-crackers beside the nut-dishes, the small oyster fork with the fish knife and fork, two extra knives and several forks, a soup-spoon, a teaspoon for the *sorbet* (which comes in after the roast), a desert-spoon and teaspoon for the ice-cream are placed at each cover—the knives at the right and the forks at the left hand, with the spoons at the front. At each cover there are also placed a goblet for water, with the glasses suitable for each course of wines, the napkin, with a thick slice of bread hidden within its folds, laid between the knives and forks; and if there be room a small plate of bread is laid at the left of the forks.

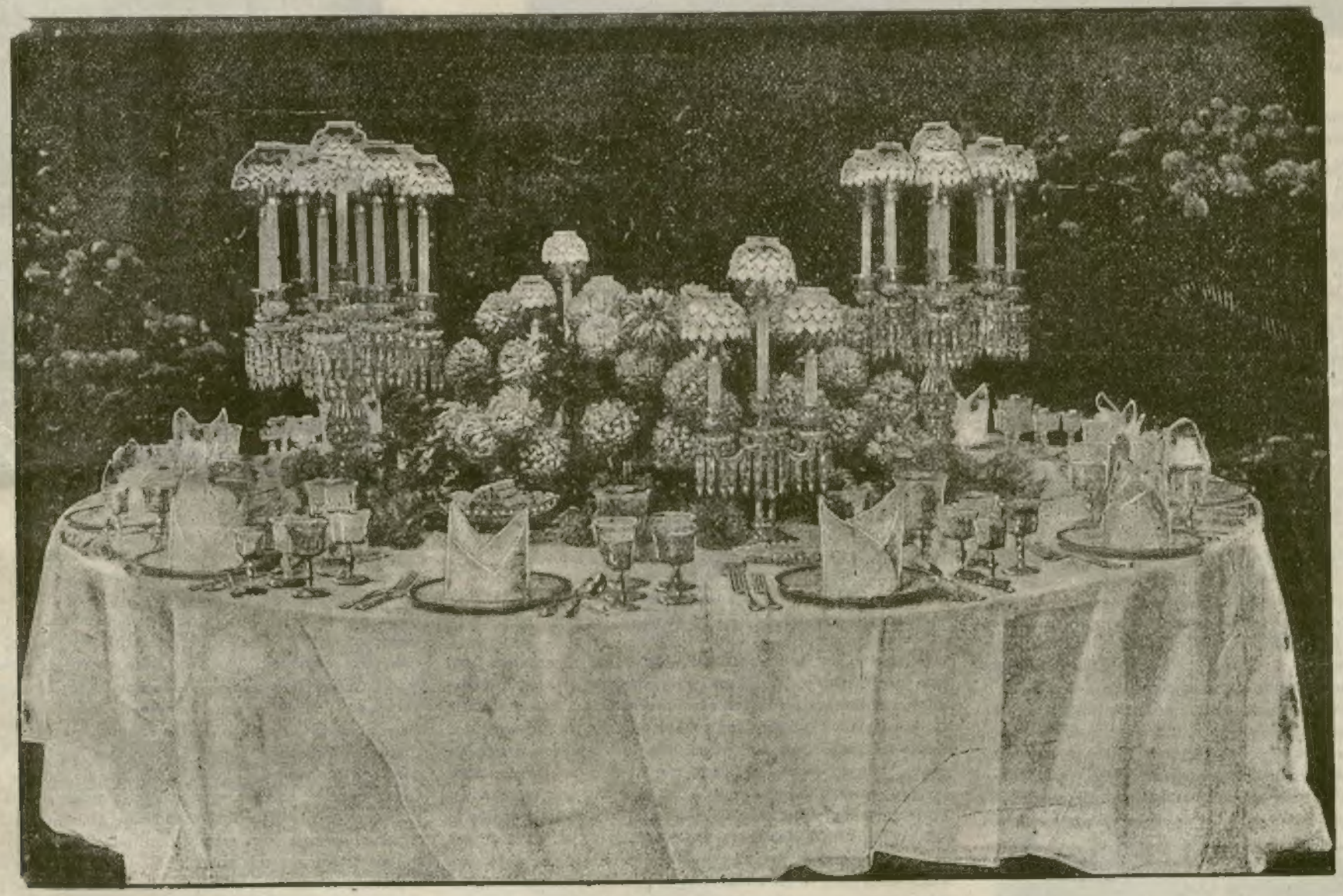

TABLE DECORATED FOR A PINK DINNER.

For the dinner *a la Russe* there is no carving done, nor is the soup brought on the table, but every course in its turn is served from the buttery or from a side table by the butler, the carving done before the roasts are presented to the guests. But in the dinner *a la Francaise*, which is much more popular in America, and which is provided for in the foregoing remarks, the soup is set before the hostess and is served by her, and the roast and the game are set before the host for carving, while, if not proficient in this accomplishment, the dishes are set for a moment before the host, that the eyes of the guests may be refreshed by sight of the sirloin of beef, the saddle of southdown, the turkey or the mongrel goose, pheasants or canvas-back ducks, and then removed, that the butler may the more skilfully do the work of the moment. Carving, when dextrously performed, is an elegant accomplishment; when bungled it becomes a source of distress. An expert carver, by sticking the carving fork across the breastbone of a turkey, goose or other fowl and holding the fork firmly in place can dissect the entire bird without removing the fork, while there are gentlemen so skilful in the use of the carving knife that they can lift a capon, a duck or a

pheasant on the fork, disjoint the legs and the wings and strip the flesh from the frame with a grace which elevates the performance almost to the dignity of art. To rise from the seat in carving is a most unfortunate expedient for the performance. But that carving may be well and easily done the butler must be enjoined to see that the carving knives are properly sharpened. Certain vegetables are served with each course, and with a cook who understands the art of cooking condiments on the table are almost superfluous, as the necessary seasoning is done in the preparation of the dishes. Yet a dinner table would seem incompletely furnished without salt and pepper, these appearing at the corners of the table or individually at each cover.

With the pudding and the ice-cream despatched, the finger bowls are introduced with the fruit plates, and here appears a chance for the display of the beautiful and delicate little napkins known as dollies, upon which so much and so great a variety of the fancy work of ladies has been recently expended. There seems indeed scarcely limit to design and daintiness in these cunning little napkins. They are seen in silk, satin, linen, muslin and damask, enriched with the most delicate painting and embroidery, and trimmed with the finest laces—in the point laces, crochet and drawn wools, in the knitted Madeira and the Fayal work, in every material and in every decoration possible. They are placed upon the fruit plate underneath the finger bowl, and while exceedingly pleasing among the minor fancies of the apointments of the table they are ornamental rather than useful.

The fruit indulged in, the ladies retire to the drawing-room, leaving the gentlemen to discuss the wine, the nuts and the post-prandial cigar with the latest outcome of politics or stocks, to exchange stories and anecdotes and otherwise to while away an hour in social enjoyment, finally joining the ladies for the coffee and the cordial which finish the dinner. A dinner of ceremony without the assistance of a well-trained butler is not to be considered.

All elaborately-ordered fashionable dinners are now served from a *menu*, or, in a more democrate term, a "bill of fare," and some of these *menus*, the work of artists who make of them a speciality, in character and device, in a measure enter into the realm of high art. A *menu* that can be quoted is done on silk paper in the device of a small folding fan mounted on sticks of white celluloid, the panache at the left side at front showing the interlinked monograms of the host and hostess in rich, illuminated letters, that at the right side the date of the dinner in illuminated numerals, with each fold illustrating *en caractere* a course of the dinner. A second artistic *menu*, done on the finest ivory board, is a set of tablets bound in Russia leather in delicate gray, and turning on a rivet of silver, the monogram, in large interlinked letters illuminated in gold on the front and the gold-illuminated date of the dinner on the back, the courses of the occasion illustrated in a finishing scene, an East Indian elephant soup boiling, a farmyard scene, a picture of a poultry yard, a hunting scene in which figure deer and grouse, a grotesque picture of a salid mixed with lobster and lettuce objectively, a scene showing the lifting of a great, smoking English plumb-pudding from the boiling pot, a picture of a dainty ice-cream party, a delightful scheme of flowers, fruits and nuts, a picture of a coffee plant with an Arab coffee picker, each scene introducing certain accessories of the course indicated. *Menu* painters ought to take rank with fan painters, the ludicrous which frequently enters into the devices furnishing most agreeable subject for pleasantry round a table.

But *menus* of the kind described are exceptional, and cannot be produced but at an expense which places them beyond the reach of all save the exceptionally wealthy, so that more simple cards are the rule. Very beautiful *menus* are those printed on a sheet of celluloid, the courses of the repast in illuminated printing. A *menu* card is laid at each cover, and forms a pleasing souvenir.

TWO STAGS AND OAK IN GESSO ON MAHOGANY WAS WORKED BY LANCELOT CRANE, A BOY NINE YEARS OLD, SON OF THE ARTIST, W. CRANE.

MODEL FOR METAL DOOR PLATES.

Written for the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

Gesso Work.

To most of my readers, no doubt, this word represents a new form of decorative art. Some will rub their eyes and wonder whether or no they are victims of a printer's error. Let me hasten to disclose their minds, and to inform them that Gesso is a plastic substance used for the modeling of designs suitable for panels, fringes, dados, etc., it is employed in conjunction with wood to which it is applied in a manner that suggests carving. There are many, doubtless, who, like myself, have an antipathy to such unsympathetic materials as wood and tools; yet whose artistic instincts respond to the manipulation of any plastic substance which lends itself to the fertile fancy or conceived design. Modelling in Gesso is an art known little in England and less in America, yet it has been in use many years among sculptors and other artists. It offers a particularly large field for the amateur who is gifted with even a medium amount of talent. Gesso may be traced back to the middle ages, when paneling and the sister arts flourished in Italy. By the old masters, Gesso was often applied to certain portions of their paintings to bring them into high relief, and occasionly, also, to the frame of a panel. During this same period the ruder kinds of modeling were often used for decorations at the time of great festivities, and the paste was compounded with chopped straw or tow, to enable broader effects to be gained than were possible without some such addition. Nowadays, many sculptors employ Gesso to form models of their works, as it is, when dry, sufficiently hard to be carved or chiseled.

MATERIALS.

Now, with regard to the necessary materials, they are to be had from the Society of Artists, 53 New Bond st, London, England, for about 40 cents, if any American art dealer is enterprising enough to import them. The E. Harris Company, of 44 King Street East, Toronto, are always ready with a little encouragement in the way of demand for articles they have not in hand, to procure them, so for their benefit as well as that of my readers, I will mention three addresses: The New Bond street one, already given, "the Church Manufactory Company," 127 Pomeroy street, Hatcham, England, which has recently introduced a new Gesso material called Alabastine, and the English agency of La Suberine Company, Bloomfield House, London Wall, or La Suberine Company, 36 Rue Guersant, Paris, which has also a new material for Gesso modeling called Liegine. The substance sold in tins by the Society of Artists is pure white in color, Alabastine is ivory white, Liegine is a pale terra cotta. Lest the time and trouble required to procure the necessary materials for Gesso modeling should deter any of my readers from attempting the new art, let me give them a recipe for its composition, which they can either use themselves or have prepared for them by any art dealer. For the composition some good plaster of Paris is required, which must be pounded to as fine a powder as possible, and used with size or glue as a medium mixed with a few drops of glycerine. The glue must be melted with boiling water and should be used hot when the powder is mixed with it. The mixture should be about the consistency of cream. There is a second method of compounding the materials recommended by Mrs. Walter Craine, the well-known artist and designer, to whose efforts much of the recent revival of the art is due. One part of finely powdered resin boiled down with four parts

SIMPLE DESIGN IN GESSO ON MAHOGANY PANEL.

CATS AND GOLD FISH ON ALABASTINE.

of boiled linseed oil, to this mixture are added six parts of melted glue. When this is thoroughly amalgamated, whiting is soaked in a small quantity of water, and mixed with the solution till it is of the consistency of cream. This composition, when dry, is far harder than the other, but, as it requires a longer time to be thoroughly set, it is more suited for fine and elaborate work.

In mixing all these pastes, the main matter to be attended to is that they shall be entirely free from lumps, so they should be pounded upon a china slab or a thick sheet of glass, the lumps may be broken up or dispersed with a good palette knife. It is advisable not to prepare more of the materials than can be used at one sitting, as the composition when it has hardened on the slab, is useless, and can only be scraped off to make room for a fresh mixture. When the work is finished, it should be put by to harden in a place that is free as possible from dust; it should be laid down where it is not likely to be injured by anything coming in contact with the design.

METHODS OF USE.

The method of applying the Gesso must be regulated according to the material upon which it is used. Wood is generally considered the most suitable foundation for it, as it presents a smooth surface, but it may also be laid upon a background of cement or upon a bed made by first spreading three or four coats of the mixture upon any firm foundation. White wood articles are particularly adapted for Gesso ornamentation. Nothing could be prettier than panels of white wood for doors, cabinets or overmantels, or sections of wood of different widths, for freizes or dados, the different lengths might be joined by strips of moulding which would make the decoration of the wood with Gesso designs quite manageable, as the modeler could work at one section after another till the requisite size of the room was obtained. I would suggest that the wood should be first covered with Aspinall's white enamel, and the Gesso laid upon this in the design selected. The wood employed should be well seasoned so as not to warp and crack the gesso. Gesso is employed in England upon rosewood or mahogany, but I do not like the effect of the white substance upon the dark background, it has an uncomfortable suggestion of chocalate and vanilla ice cream, an assonation I find disturbing to my artistic tastes. Powder colors may be used by art dealers or amateurs in mixing the paste, by which means any tint desired may be obtained, if the modeler should wish to imitate any particular color scheme in decorating a room. The wooden foundation requires coating first, either with a thin coating of Gesso, or glue, or size, after the design is drawn, that there may be no difficulty in getting the substance to adhere perfectly. The pattern should be drawn in the usual way, and a thin coat of Gesso laid over it, not thick enough to hide the outlines. The paste in all fine work is laid on with a good sable brush which should be long and pointed in shape, but with a palette knife where size will allow. The modeling of minute details must be executed with the brush, more of the composition being laid on just where required. In the larger designs many impromptu tools will be found of use. Amongst these are pieces of wood, cut at the ends into sharp, blunt or onesided points, and bone knitting needles of various sizes. When the design is such as to need more extensive modelling and is in rather high relief, the chopped straw of the old workers is replaced by cotton wool, which is used in small tufts dipped into the cream, laid on the design where requisite and moulded into shape. It is always advisable to begin working at the top of the design and to carry the ornamentation gradually down. A very large surface of the composition should never be laid on at one time, or it will set before the modeler has been able to work it up. A little experience only can render the proper consistency of the Gesso easy to deside. For delicate parts of the work it should be more liquid than for bolder ones. Metallic colors, lustre paints, gold and silver paints may be used on the Gesso when it has set, and thus brilliant effects be obtained, panels with the scrolls and knobs of arabesque designs heightened by gold and silver are wonderfully effective. But the metallic colors which the Society of Artists include with the Gesso materials they supply are rather too rococo for me.

The beginner might employ herself first upon photograph frames of enameled white wood, or upon a small bracket or panel. Possibly, the materials for Gesso work may be procured or imported from New York, by writing with enclosed stamp to Montague Marks, 23 Union Square, New York. In these days of novelty hunting, when old arts and sciences are daily called upon to give place to those demanding less time and study, I can confidently recommend Gesso work as a pursuit particularly adapted to amateurs, and to the house decoration, on which the majority are bent. Professionals will also find Gesso a material which can be introduced with great advantage into their business and through which they may give employment and occupation to a number of indigent gentle-women. I desire particularly to call the attention of the workers for the Ladies' Work Depository in Toronto, and for other exchanges and similar organizations in the States to Gesso work.

E. Molson Spragge.

To Purify the Breath.

The freshest of fresh eggs and lemon juice, sugar, almond oil and rosewater, mixed with utmost care and cleanliness, stirred and beaten for hours upon hours, smelling delicately, as if a rose had been dipped into it some time, should make a tempting cosmetic to create beauty or restore it to itself. We all feel the charm of "balmy breath that doth almost persuade justice to sheath her sword," and this bottle of clear red liquid, with a few drops poured into a glass of water, will so purify the breath and all within the lips that one need not mind how closely the hearer's attention hangs upon them. The same liquid is sovereign for dyspepsia, and reduces the interior to an amiable state very quickly.

In The Play Room.

"Haste ye to the hills where the wild flowers blow."—Beville.

Hazelkirk, editor of this department will be pleased to receive letters from young contributors. Contributions such as puzzles, short stories, poems, etc., will be welcomed. Address "Hazelkirk," in care of this paper.

Written for the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

Going on an Errand.

"A pound of tea at one and three,
And a pot of raspberry jam,
Two new-laid eggs, a dozen pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.

"I'll say it over all the way,
And then I'm sure not to forget,
For if I chance to bring things wrong,
My mother gets in such a pet.

"A pound of tea at one and three,
And a pot of raspberry jam,
Two new-laid eggs, a dozen pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.

"There in the hay the children play,
They're having such jolly fun;
I'll go there, too, that's what I'll do,
As soon as my errands are done.

"A pound of tea at one and three,
A pot of er-new laid jam,
Two raspberry eggs, with a dozen pegs
And a pound of rashers of ham.

"There's Teddy White flying his kite
He thinks himself grand I declare;
I'd like to make it fly up sky high.
Ever so much higher
Than the old church spire,
And then—but there.

"A pound of three and one at tea,
A pound of new laid jam
Two dozen eggs some raspberry pegs
And a pound of rashers of ham.

"Now here's the shop outside I'll stop,
And run my orders through again;
I haven't forgot, no, ne'er a jot
It shows I'm pretty cute that's plain.

"A pound of three at one and tea,
A dozen of raspberry ham
A pot of eggs with a dozen pegs
And a rasher of new laid jam.

—*Selected.*

LITTLE GOLDEN LOCKS.

Answers to Puzzles.

(*From Last Issue*).

No. 1. Riddle-me-ree—Pirate.
" 2. Beheaded Words—1 Blink, Link, Ink.
2 Spill, Pill, Ill.
" 3. Buried Mountains—1, Snowdon; 2, Etna.
" 4. Buried Birds—1, Swan; 2, Wren.

Puzzles.

I.—Riddle.

My first is prized by every one of high and low degree;
My second is found wherever roll the billows of the sea;
My whole is in my heart for you, dear companions, brave and true;
Farewell my worthy, riddling friends, to all a fond adieu.

II.—Diamond.

A vowel.
Termination.
To embark in.
To poison.
To amuse.
A professional man.
Part of the culinary art.
A covering for the hand.
A consonant.

III.—Charade.

My first is modern,
My second is part of a verb,
My third is to come on shore,
My whole is an island.

IV.—Anagrams—Some Great Artists.

1 Rose so hard in July.
2 Did I serve rants.
3 I go with all harm.
4 Lo! I change lame.
5 I have any so very kind.
6 In noble shah.
7 Sure pent up tears.
8 An ironclad rule, a foe.

Dear Hazelkirk:—As I wrote you in my last letter, saying, I would tell you about the party mamma gave us, I will now keep my promise. There were twenty invitations sent out by mamma, and at five o'clock on Friday afternoon, the invited guests began to arrive; you know people never come when they are asked, do they? I think they out to though. Bessie and I made nurse dress us at three in the afternoon, so that we might be ready. We had all sorts of games, old-fashioned and new-fashioned; when we were tired playing, we had a dance, then came tea. Do you know, Hazelkirk, we had a lovely tea, I wished you were there too; the table was one mass of flowers and fruit, you know my failing for flowers, I almost forgot my guests, when we were seated at the table, and I saw Bessie's eyes sparkling with delight. My little friend Dorothy sat beside me at supper, she too looked lovely, just like a little fairy. I even liked her better than I did the night we were at her place. After we all left the supper-room, we went again to the drawing-room, and had a few more games and another dance. About eleven o'clock all had gone, but not without telling us how much they had enjoyed themselves; and I know they did too, for every one's face looked bright, and mamma and papa were so pleased. We talked a long time, Bessie and I, before we went to bed, and both felt sure we had a pleasant party. Bessie would like to write too, but she has not been in the school-room as long as I have, and can't very well, so she sends you her love. Perhaps when she is a little older she will send you some letters. Good-bye, Hazelkirk, and I will send you another letter soon. From your little reader.

Arthur.

Windsor, May, 1892.

Dear Hazelkirk:—I am one of your most interested readers and this is my first letter to you. Of all the papers and magazines we take, I like yours the best, and especially enjoy your stories; then we take much pleasure in reading the little chats with "Cousin Ruth," I think "Ruth" must be awfully jolly, just from the way this mysterious cousin writes, she appears to be. We are all—my sisters, my brothers and myself—curious to know who Hazelkirk is, won't you please tell us? My brothers go to the High School and study hard, I cannot say I do that, because I hate lessons and studies of any kind; but I am very fond of reading and writing too. It is such a pleasure to have the dear Ladies' Pictorial Weekly to read, that I don't know what I should do without it. Papa often is annoyed because I have so much reading on hand, and vows he will stop it, if I don't attend to my school studies, but I don't. Grandpa has given me nine books lately, many of which I read as soon as possible. Here in Windsor our schools are very good, and we have much studying to do; if you would care to hear about them I will in my next letter tell you something, so for to-night I will close. From your loving reader.

Josie V. Jennese.

Profitable Reading.

It is wise at night to read—but for a few minutes—some book which will compose and soothe the mind; which will bring us face to face with the true facts of life, death and eternity; which will make us remember that man doth not live by bread alone; which will give us before we sleep a few thoughts worthy of a man with an immortal soul in him. I do not mean merely religious books, excellent as they are in these days. I mean any book which will teach us to despise what is vulgar and mean, foul and cruel, and to love what is noble and high-minded, pure and just. In our own English language we may read by hundreds, books which will tell us of all virtue and all praise; the stories of good and brave men and women; of deeds which we ourselves may be proud of doing; of persons whom we feel to be better, wiser, nobler than ourselves.

Hazelkirk wishes to thank Maude, Country Lass, Bertie, Topsy, James B., Arthur, Henry Stephens, Bessie Morrow, Geo. H. Wylde, Hector and Bertha Green, Paul A., Rip Van Winkle, Jamie Dear, and others, for letters received during the month of May.

Thanks are also due to Robert Carr, Marjory F. Latimer, Mary Jones, Montreal; Jamie Dear and Ella F. Flanders for contributions.

Puzzles being answered by Q. E. D., Louise Worts, Mary Dunne, 131 Mackay street, Montreal; Robert H. and William D. Hewitt, Ardtrea, Ont.; Jamie Dear, Charles Ross, Hamilton t Queenie Burton, Essex; Gertie Smyth, Newmarket; Rob Roy and Patsy, Niagara; Michael O'Rooke, London, C.W., and Basil Lake.

What has become of my little friends, Grace and Muriel? I should like to hear from them again; also from Stanley T. and my amusing little correspondent Charley. Please remember that Hazelkirk likes to hear from all her young friends.

Hazelkirk

Culinary.

"Every thing great is composed of many things that are small."—Latin Proverb.

Written for the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

Aunt Lucia's Prize Dinner Competition.

Dinner for six persons at a cost of ninety-three cents:

BILL OF FARE.

Vegetable Soup, Roast Chicken, Snow Potatoes,
Sweet Potatoes, Steamed Onions,
Baked Tomatoes, Celery, Cranberries,
Lemon Pie, Cheese, Coffee.

COST.

Soup	10 Cts	Chicken	30 Cts.
Irish Potatoes	02 "	Sweet Potatoes	03 "
Tomatoes	05 "	Onions	03 "
Cranberries	06 "	Celery	04 "
Lemon Pie	08 "	Butter	04 "
Cheese	3 "	Bread	05 "
Coffee	02 "	Cream	05 "
Sugar	05 "		

Put a five-cent beef bone into an iron kettle with two quarts of cold water; boil till the meat slips readily from the bone, then remove it with a skimmer; add to the stock salt and pepper to taste, one onion chopped fine, one potato, one salsify, one sprig of thyme. Boil one part of flour, four ounces of lard, one heaping teaspoonful of some good baking powder, a little salt; work well into the flour and moisten with enough water to stick it all together; roll and cut in round pieces as large as saucers; then take the meat that was on the soup bone, chop fine, add salt and pepper and a small piece of butter and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one salt spoonful of made mustard, a little flour; put a tablespoonful into each round piece of dough, close like a dumpling and bake. When done put into a deep dish and pour over it the gravy from the chicken, to be served with the chicken. Make a dressing for the chicken of rolled crackers, the giblets chopped fine and mixed with it; salt, pepper, one salt spoonful of made mustard, one tablespoonful of vinegar, one onion, one stock of celery chopped fine, two ounces of butter; moisten and cook till stiff, then fill the chicken and fasten; while baking baste often. When done remove from the pan and thicken the gravy with a tablespoonful of flour dissolved in a little milk; mix well, then moisten with cold water; roll thin, line a pie dish and pour into the lemon mixture; bake. While baking whip the whites of two eggs with one tablespoonful of confectioners' sugar; spread over the top of the pie and return to the oven; remove it as soon as it is a delicate brown. Coffee—Six heaping tablespoonfuls of Java coffee, the lining of the eggs used for the pie, one tablespoonful of cold water; mix, then pour over it three pints of boiling water. Put on the back of the stove to steep.

Our American Letter.

New York in June.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

New York, June 2nd, 1892.

With its countless attractions, New York is the very city of all others for the pleasure-seeker to turn to, when the greatest possible enjoyment in the least possible time must be his motto. So it is that in my one week in this "mad metropolis," I have seen more, enjoyed more than in a month anywhere else.

Upon arriving here on Sunday morning, my first move was to join the mery throng of church-goers on the *bois de bologne* of New York, Fifth avenue, and follow the multitude wheresoever it went. Some dropped into the magnificent Roman Cathedral, whose altar and decorations surpass any in this country. Others turned to "the little church around the corner" famous as the resort of actors and all artists, from the loving shelter it gives to members of that profession, others again passed into the swell Grace church, whose pews are owned by the elite and society people of New York. As for myself, I continued my walk, the day being fine, up to the spot where Fifth avenue enters the Central Park, and there among the trees, shrubs, lake, grottos, the casino and Poet's corner, I spent a glorious morning. Into the museum I wandered, and amid the ruins of Pompei, Babylon and Egypt, lost for a time all thought of the present in the wonders of the ages past. There in plaster casts are reproduced every event, every building, every statue that our eastern brothers possessed, and I could not but congratulate myself upon not only having the past, but the present, the fascinating present, as well. Such works of art, Bab, as you find here! Rosa Bonheur and Van Dyke, Gainsborough, Titian all in the original, and no collection comprises more interesting canvases than that left by Miss Catherine Woolfe to this lucky and wealthy museum.

Almost the first thing one does, is to try the unique elevated railroad, and very exciting is it for a novice to find himself suspended in mid-air, with the frail iron structure supporting these trains which fly along, giving many an odd glimpse of life as we pass the second story windows. Glimpses which in themselves would fill a volume; everything from the pathetic death-bed scene to the festive and gay marriage picture. The modern aspect of Harlem with its numerous buildings, going up, begun, or just completed, is counter-balanced by the quaint old sights of the Bowery, where "Beds for 15cts." "Dinner for 8cts." and such sights catch the eye; and so life, from every point of view, is seen from these modern "hanging gardens."

To the "Statue of Liberty," I was determined to go, and ascend to her utmost height; so taking the ferry from the foot of Castle Garden—the dumping ground of Europe's paupers—we steamed away, passing Fort Hamilton with its interesting reminiscences, and coming finally alongside the Bedlow Island. We land, and each step nearer the statue increases your admiration for this wonderful work of art, with its powerful face, its wonderful attention to detail and its pleasing *tout ensemble*. You climb to the top by a spiral stair-case, the view from the torch shows New York and its surroundings in lilliputian detail, like the calm on-looker raised by years and experience from the wild rush of youth after the pleasures of the hour. There suspended in mid-air, is the fairy-like structure the Brooklyn Bridge, supported by its massive tower, underneath it ply crafts of every device and size; yonder is the spire of Old Trinity Church, and to the left is seen the "City of Paris," on her trans-Atlantic way. I cast a lingering glance backward from the stern of the ferry, as the distance separated us from the statue, and I thought I could discern the faintest smile of self-satisfaction about the lips of the proud dame, as she contemplated her own share in the work of progress and enlightenment that goes on beneath her gaze each day.

Crossing by the Brooklyn bridge to the sister city less than an hour's ride brought me to Greenwood cemetery, there is very little monuments, and each pathetic story is made the bull for a joke by the magnificent park with walks and artificial lakes and gorgeous of the solemnity or suggestion of the long last sleep about it. It is a driver whose duty it is to show visitors around. It lacks the quiet and repose of the peaceful God's acre, where we lay our dead away. One gets the best bird's eye view of the twin cities from Brooklyn bridge. On both sides of the river as far as the eye can reach, is an undistinguishable mass of buildings with here and there a spire pointing heavenward, and over all a thick cloud of smoke hangs.

Broadway with its many attractions and varied phases is always full of interesting objects. Whether it be the magnificence of Tiffany's, the picturesqueness of Vantines, with his Japanese curios or the dingy Italian quarter, or again the sweet repose of Old Trinity with its moss grown tombstones, its tower bell chiming out the passing hour, Broadway is entrancing every step of the way.

From your childhood you have heard of moonlight on the Hudson, and perhaps it is the dream of your life to sail on its broad bosom and mingle with the busy craft rushing to and fro. From the moment you leave the wharf the trip is full of interest. You pass all the wharves from where leave the European steamers, and all is bustle and noise there, you steam up beside the New Jersey Palisades, on the summit of which lay the magnificent homes of the New York millionaires. Indeed on both sides of the river now nestle those palatial residences and soon you come to the quaint country associated with Rip Van Winkle, The Headless Horseman, and in the wierd moonlight one can almost fancy he sees the fearful stranger among the shrubs and trees that skirt the banks. With the moon lending her silver hue to soften the objects, as we pass we leave the glorious Hudson with the happy assurance that it is all our fancy painted it.

As for theatres New York is full of them, and one of the prettiest among them is the Garden Theatre. There Richard Mansfield was giving his charming repertoire of Don Juan, Prince Karl, Beau Brummell, etc. To the latter belongs all the tone and charm of the quaint reign of the Prince Regent. Everyone knows Beau Brummell's story, his great popularity with prince and courtiers, his unique snubbing of the Regent, his cool question of the celebrated Sheriden "who is your fat friend?" all is perfectly carried out, and finished in a most artistic manner. The gardens attached to the theatre are an attempt at the "Beer Gardens" and cafes of Europe. This huge bare building is filled with shrubs and evergreens, growing in huge boxes, and dotted with numerous tables at which the merry throng may be satisfied with ices, beer, or any light refreshment while they enjoy the sublime orchestras of Seidl, Thomas or Gilmore, who in turn occupy the building and give delightful promanade concerts.

It is here the celebrated shows are given, there can be seen the elite of the city, resplendent in costumes and jewels, that vie with the pretty flowers themselves in beauty. With Coney Island and Manhattan Beach only half-an-hour's run from the city, the pleasure-seeker finds all his heart could wish in these resorts. Music of every description enlivens the scene, and every device for man's pleasure is laid before you. Bab, this is life, and my great wish is that you and each reader of The Ladies' Pictorial might also enjoy a week in New York in June.

Daisy Dean.

Correspondence.

The correspondence columns are open to all readers of the Ladies Pictorial Weekly. Questions relating to fashions, etiquette, literature or any subject of interest to our readers can be sent in for reply. Address correspondence editor in care of this paper.

Mix.—Typewriting is not very difficult to learn. The reason a typewriter should also be a stenographer is, that she may take down letters in shorthand from her employers dictation, and make them out after by herself on the typewriter, thus saving the business-man much time. Write again whenever you feel in the humor.

Cassandra.—1. Good cameos are very much prized and are quite costly. There is a sort of shell cameo, which is sometimes very finely cut and delicately pretty, which is decidedly cheap. One can buy them for half nothing in Italy. The fashionable necklet, according to one of our leading jewellers, has only the front half in gems or cameos, the back half is of fine gold links, either in single or double rows. 2. Some ladies wear braceletş, but never a pair, that is, not one on each arm. It is permissable to put both on one arm, but a single one is in better taste. 3. The English crown jewels, which tourists go to see, are in a small stone room, in the old Tower of London. The Scotch jewels are in Edinburgh Castle. 4. Yes, I have seen them all.

Bride Elect.—The word elect means chosen, but not invested with office. The bride is the chosen wife, but is not a wife until after she goes through the marriage ceremony. The elect people, are those who by their faith are preferred for salvation; prefer comes from two Latin words meaning borne or carried, and before. Select and elect are the same word.

Bien Aimee.—As you are only seventeen, I think your wisest plan would be to do the best you can at home for another year or two, seventeen is too young for you to go out into the world to do for yourself. Every girl has a right to her home with her parents till she marries, if they can afford to maintain her, and she submits her will to theirs. Do not worry about being an old maid. Better that, a thousand times, than the lot of hundreds of unfortunate woman, who can call themselves Mrs.

Jack.—I certainly should not send the message as you say. It might be misunderstood. Simply send your card, and write over your name "With compliments of," or "With kind regards," or "With best wishes," as it will be for a birthday. The other style is not good form; neither is it a good plan to sign only initials; just send your ordinary card. It is not necessary for the receiver to acknowledge flowers. If she wears them, or says thank you when you next meet, that should suffice. Don't be oppressively formal, its so stupid.

Mother.—Soft white cashmere socks will be warm enough for baby until real hot weather comes, then she can wear cute little thread ones, with her low shoe ties. A nice headwear is the quaint dimity sunbonnet, but don't have it starched stiff, or it may rasp her soft skin. Please don't give her a kitten to play with—this is one word for the kitten and two for the baby. Yes, cats do have ringworm, and children catch it from them. I abhor a cat on a bed or baby cradle.

School Girl.—Get the Jenness Miller waist, and don't wear braces; simply keep your chest raised as high as you can get it. This will adjust your shoulders and spine rightly.

Petite.—Your question was not silly. It is not a wise thing to run about too much with schoolboys. It tends to destroy your gentleness of manner and refinement. I am truly glad to hear that you think so sensibly, my little friend. I hope you will soon get your bicycle; if it only depends on your success at school I am sure you will, for your letter is quite a credit to you—so neat and well expressed.

Lantate.—I cannot give any decision between the merits of the two societies; both are doing good work, both are well managed and enthusiastic, and neither one has ever made a failure in their public appearance.

Prof. Wickle's Prize Graphological Examination.

Special Notice

The Ideal Wife Prize Examination closed on Dec. 15th. We shall continue to publish in this column the delineation of the different specimens of handwriting sent in for the Prize Competition until they have been completed.

Delineations.

488. Extreme refinement, tenderness, constancy, caution, prodigality in money matters, a graceful fancy, some originality, and a certain want of courage which may lead to a timid defence of self-interest approaching egotism.

489 Capacity of passionate attachment, tenderness, imagination, love of luxury and display, self esteem, and vanity are suggested by the writing of this brief quotation. The subject has generally a good deal of vivacity, but is liable to fits of despondency. She is truthful, but is not reserved.

An Ideal Husband.

94 "My Ideal Husband" should be trustworthy, truthful, temperate, particular in his personal appearance and his companions. Praise his wife's cooking, no matter whether it is good or not, and not tell her what his "mother" could do. He must be humorous, and be kind to his wife and let her have her own way. Stay at home and mind baby sometimes. Give his wife pin money and not ask what she wants of it. Go to church with her without being coaxed. Stay home evenings and court her, make her his confident, and be as polite to her as to other ladies.

95 The ideal husband is gentle in manner and speech, and always considerate of his wife's health and strength, and her authority is unquestioned. He provides for her to the extent of his finances. Her purse is replenished without a question as to her expenditures, satisfied that her judgment is for the best. In sickness he is a tender nurse, and his strength enables him to attend his wife in a sympathetic, restful way to the invalid, and always his watchful care is a reality that is a strength and support, that the unmarried woman never knows.

96 An ideal husband, in my mind, should be a healthy, pure, Christian, loving, smart, gentle, generous, brave, true and jolly; one whom you can confide in, with a good character, with no bad traits, and who never drinks, smokes, chews, or uses profane language.

97

A manly man with strong arm to protect,
And righteous judgment my feet to direct.
Within whose great love I might sheltered be,
Encompassed with unwavering constancy.
Brave as the bravest, a champion for the right,
But tender to the erring, should be my royal knight.
An honest man, true as God's truth, whom better can you bring?
For an ideal husband, than he, my uncrowned king?

Domestic Felicity Must Be Earned.

Young people sometimes fancy that they can get married happiness merely by going through the marriage ceremony. Domestic felicity, however, like everything else worth having, must be worked for—must be earned by patient endurance, self-restraint, and loving consideration for the tastes and even for the faults of him or her with whom life is to be lived.

"No man e'er gained a happy life by chance,
Or yawned it into being a wish."

In The Garden.

"And the Spring arose on that garden fair.
Like the Spirit of Love felt everywhere."
—SHELLEY.

The Editor of this Department will be pleased to receive suggestions and contributions from those interested in gardening.

Spring and Summer Coming.

There are notes of joy and gladness; there are sounds of life and cheer.
There are signs of Summer coming, glad season of the year;
There is sunshine in the sky o'erhead, while underneath the feet
The springing grass rich incense yields; fragrant, pure and sweet.

There are buds upon the forest trees and blooms in sunny bowers,
Rare fragrance in the wealth that comes from out the opening flowers;
There is music in the air, above a roundelay of words,
In chirp and chatter orchestra and chorus from the birds.

There is gladness in the heart of man, a glow upon the cheek;
There are words of faith hope and love, which lips are quick to speak,
With grateful heart and cheerful voice, then let hosannas ring
In praise of Him who giveth us The Coming of Spring.

CLARK W. BRYON.

Ever-Blooming Roses.

Every lover of flowers likes to have something dainty and choice to give a friend, now and then to place among his or her floral treasures. Such persons ought, by all means, to have a bed of ever-blooming roses, in which general title are included the Tea, Bourbon, Noisette, and Chinese sections of this most popular of all flowers. For richness of color, delicacy of form, fragrance, and general beauty, nothing exceeds a fine rose. The list of desirable roses for summer blooming is so extensive that it would be impossible to name them all in the limits of this article, but a few of the best are: Meteor, dark scarlet; Sunset, apricot and fawn; Perle des Jardins, clear yellow; Niphetos, white—used almost wholly for its buds; Hermosa, pink; La France, silvery rose, and and Cornelia Cook, cream-white. These will give fine colors, and perfect flowers and buds, with the perfection of fragrance, and they are all free and constant bloomers if given proper culture.

In order to secure flowers in quantity throughout the season, the soil must be made very rich to begin with. Spade up well, and work in a liberal quantity of old, thoroughly rotted cow manure. Spade up your bed about May 1st, but do not plant your roses before the middle of the month. Nothing is gained at the North by very early planting. Set the plants about a foot and a half apart. Take particular care to make the soil firm about the roots when the plants are put out. Many fail with roses because they plant them loosely. Cut the plants back to within six inches, or less, of the roots, if you happen to get large plants. Most of those sent out will be less than six inches high, and will need no cutting back.

Growth will soon begin. Each new shoot will be likely to bear flowers. As soon as these have developed and faded, cut back the shoot bearing them to within a few inches of the roots, or main branch. If the soil is rich new growth will be encouraged promptly, and as the plants by this time will have become pretty well established, several new shoots will be likely to start. These will bear flowers, and should be cut back, like the first one, after blooming. In having a rich soil, which encourages constant growth, and in persistent cutting back, lies the secret of success in growing ever-blooming roses. By giving them proper care and attention, flowers can be had until the coming of cold weather. If you have a bed of these beautiful flowers this season, you will never willingly be without them again. For cutting for table use, for the button-hole, and the corsage, they are more desirable than any other flowers. They are grown in such enormous quantities by dealers that a good collection can be had for a small amount of money.

Falling Petals.

The freshman class at Vassar College has adopted the sweet pea for a class flower.

As the sun gives us more of its heat, plants need more water, and this applies to chrysanthemum as well as other varieties.

Even the chrysanthemum bears petting, appreciates it also. Give it a rich soil, and, if you expect fine blooms, a good location.

Remember there is such a thing as putting the young chrysanthemum out too early. Nothing is gained, but much lost by so doing.

Was there ever a finer, more delicate bloom than the quince? Colored most exquisitely, petals thin and nearly transparent, it is the queen of fruit blossoms.

Petals are falling everywhere in the orchard, the meadow, the flower garden. Most of them are white; the pear and the cherry tree seem blowing away in showers of snow.

Mention the Ladies Pictorial Weekly.

How to Grow Blue Roses.

Blue roses have hitherto been ranked among the things unattainable. By the most modern method of culture, however all difficulties are said to vanish. For example, water a pure white rose bush continuously with a solution of Prussian blue, and the ensuing buds will take on a sympathetic tinge. In like manner proceed with green sulphate of copper, and hope for a similiar satisfactory result. Will suburban gardeners please report progress?

Forest Trees and Fruit Trees.

How is it that apple trees and other fruit trees are not more planted in our villa gardens? Elm, plane and fir trees seem quite out of place near dwelling-houses. They are forest trees. By the way, the plane tree is forbidden to be planted near dwelling-houses in some countries. The opening leaves have small hairs that float lightly in the air and produce a cough in people who live near plane trees. At least so I have heard. Perhaps someone will tell us more about that.

There are few forest trees so beautiful as the silver birch. It never grows coarse or wide-spreading. But for beauty there is nothing like the old-fashioned "gean" or wild cherry. Above the little village of Moniaive in Glencairn, Dumfriesshire, is a large and old gean tree. It is the only thing left of the house and garden where *Renwick the boy-preacher* was born and spent his childhood. The gean is a pale green in spring, with rosy tints, is pure white in summer, and in autumn is golden with black dots of "gean."

Live and Learn.

All seeds may be divided into three parts, the germ, the body, and the skin. The germ is the part which contains the life principle—the part which sprouts, and is therefore the life of the seed and of the future plant. On the vigor and perfection of the germ (or chit) depends the value of the seed. The body is the reserve fund of the germ, which supports the embryo sprouts, both top and body or stem and root, until the root is advanced enough to feed upon the soil. During this process the body is generally absorbed entirely to support the plant. The skin of a seed is merely for protection; it protects the interior from undue moisture and minor enemies. The germ is of amber color, about the consistency of old cheese, and cuts under a knife exactly like cheese. The body is harder, of various colors, and much less susceptible to attacks of water or insects These are the characteristics of well-ripened seed, and are invariable. If the seed is caught by frost before becoming ripe, the chit crumbles to a fine powder and becomes dead. So the test of good seed, sure to grow, is the cheesy characteristic of the germ, a very simple thing, easily tested with a sharp knife, and infallible.

NEW MUSIC.—THE ELITE SONG FOLIO, containing the finest songs of the day; every piece a gem. Full lithographed work, handsomely bound in paper cover, 75 cents; in half cloth, 90 cents; in boards, $1.25; in full cloth, $1.50; by post 10 cents extra. Everything in the music and musical instrument line. Send for catalogue.
WHAYLEY, ROYCE & CO.,
15-1yr 158 Yonge Street, Toronto.
Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

LADIES! It is stated that nine-tenths of the human race are subject to that dread disease PILES sooner or later in life. Thousands of women go to early graves because they are too modest to speak out. If you are troubled with Piles write us for full particulars. We will cure you. **EUREKA PILE CURE** never fails. Correspondence strictly confidential. W. A. NESBITT, 101 Bay street, Toronto.
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Ladies, Try Madam . . . . .
. . Ireland's Herbal Toilet Soap
Gentleman's Ireland's Shaving Bar. One of the leading soaps of England. It removes all blemishes, wrinkles and freckles, softens the skin and produces a clear and healthy complexion. Sold by all druggists. 272 Church street, Toronto.
Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly

We are pleased to call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Chivers' Carpet Soap on the back page of this issue. Since the first introduction of this soap into Canada, it has steadily gained in popularity, until now it stands prominently in the front rank among the scientific inventions of the present day. Its really remarkable cleansing and restorative qualities are the wonder of all who use it, and the many unsolicited testimonials received by the manufacturers, bear witness to the satisfactory results obtained from its use. It is particularly recommended for cleaning and restoring faded or soiled carpets, and it is said to produce a wonderful transformation in the appearance of such. Woolen fabrics are greatly improved by its use. We have the assurance of its manufacturers that Chivers' Carpet Soap will do all that is claimed for it, and if you have a carpet requiring to be cleansed or freshened up, we would suggest a trial of it. It can be applied with little or no labor and the results are almost instantaneous. If your druggist does not keep it, write to the manufacturer's agent, J. H. Walker, 9 Gerrard St. E. Toronto, Ont.

A PRIZE PORTRAIT REBUS.

This young lady has three brothers, each one of whose picture is combined in the above portrait. The manufacturers of **PEARLIFOAM**, THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY FOR CLEANSING AND PRESERVING THE TEETH, will give a handsome **Gold Watch** to the person who can make out the faces of the three brothers FIRST; to the second an elegant pair of genuine DIAMOND EARRINGS; to the third a PIANO LAMP in Antique Silver; to the fourth either a SILK DRESS PATTERN or a SWISS MUSIC BOX playing six pieces; to the fifth a beautiful pair of PEARL OPERA GLASSES; to the sixth an elegant MANTEL CLOCK; to the seventh a pair of SOLID GOLD CHAIN BRACELETS, with Padlocks, and to the eighth a COIN SILVER WATCH.

Each contestant is to cut out the picture rebus and make a cross with a lead pencil on the three brothers faces, and send same to us, with ten three-cent Canadian postage stamps (or 30 cents in silver) for one package of **Pearlifoam**, before July 20th, 1892. The envelope postmarked *first* which contains the three brothers' faces correctly marked will receive the *first* prize, the balance in order as received. For the *last* correct answer we will also give a handsome **Gold Watch**; to the next to the last a complete BUSINESS EDUCATION; to the second to the last an elegant pair of genuine DIAMOND EARRINGS; to the third from the last a PIANO LAMP in Antique Silver; to the fourth a SWISS MUSIC BOX playing six pieces; to the fifth a SILK DRESS PATTERN; to the sixth a pair of PEARL OPERA GLASSES; to the seventh an elegant MANTEL CLOCK, *and a valuable prize will also be given to* **every person** *who is able to answer this picture rebus correctly* until 100 prizes have been awarded if there should be that number answering correctly. Nothing is charged for boxing and packing prizes. We shall offer extra premiums to all who are willing to help us introduce **Pearlifoam.** Our prizes are entirely FREE. Our object is to introduce and attract attention to **Pearlifoam**, which is the only preparation whose manufacturers are willing to offer a reward of $100 to any dentist who can show that it contains anything injurious to the teeth. Ladies who have used **Pearlifoam** cannot say too much in its favor. A mouthful of pearly white teeth is the sure result of its constant use. It is recommended by the leaders of the profession everywhere, ask your dentist what he thinks of it.

Pearlifoam is sent by mail postpaid. Prizes in the above Portrait Rebus are to be carefully awarded strictly as deserved. Address, **EXQUISITE TOILET M'FG. CO., 170 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.**

Phrenology, MRS. MENDON, 237 McCaul Street, Toronto
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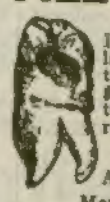

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A TRENTON MIRACLE.

A Remarkable Cure in a Case Pronounced Hopeless.

AN ESTIMABLE YOUNG LADY RAISED FROM A DEATH-BED AFTER BEING GIVEN UP BY SEVERAL DOCTORS—A SIMPLE STATEMENT OF FACTS.

Trenton Courier.

At intervals during the past year the proprietor of the Courier has been publishing newspaper reports of miraculous cures occurring in various parts of Canada and the United States. Perhaps among the most notable of these were the cases of Mr. John Marshall, of Hamilton, Ont., Mr. C. B. Northrop, of Detroit, Mich., and Mr. Chas. A Quant, of Galway, N. Y. Mr. Marshall's case was more prominently fixed in the public mind by reason of the fact that after being pronounced incurable by a number of eminent physicians he was paid the $1000 disability claim allowed by the Royal Templars of Temperance, and some months afterward was announced his almost miraculous restoration to health and active life. The case of Mr. Northrop created equally as profound a sensation in Detroit, where he is one of the best known merchant in the city. Mr. Northrop was looked upon as a helpless invalid, and could only give the most desultory attention to his business on days when he could be wheeled to the store in an invalid's chair. In his case the same simple, (yet wonderful) remedy that had cured Mr. Marshall restored Mr. Northrop to a life of active usefulness. The case of Mr. Chas. Quant is perhaps the most marvellous of all, inasmuch as he was not only perfectly helpless, but had had treatment in one of New York's best hospitals under such eminent medical scientists as Prof. Ware, and Dr. Starr, and in Albany by Prof. H. H. Hun, only to be sent out as incurable and looked upon as one who had but a few months before death would put an end to his sufferings. Again the same remedy which restored Mr. Marshall and Mr. Northrop was resorted to, with the same remarkable results, and to-day Mr. Quant, restored to health, anticipates a long life of usefulness. The remedy which has succeeded, where the best physicians had failed, is Dr. William's Pink Pills for Pale People—and a name that is now a familiar household word throughout the continent—and a remedy that apparently stands without a rival in the annals of medical science. Having published, among others, the cases above alluded to, the curiosity of the publisher of the Courier was aroused and he determined to ascertain if anyone around Trenton had been benefitted by the use of Pink Pills. In conversation with Mr. A. W. Hawley, druggist, he was told that the sale of Pink Pills was remarkable, and steadily increasing. And Mr. Hawley gave the names of a number within his own observation who had been benefitted by the use of this remedy. Among others Miss Emma Fleming, grand-daughter of Mr. Robt. Young. It was stated that Miss Fleming, had been raised from what was supposed to be her death-bed, after all other remedies and physicians had failed, by the use of Dr. William's Pink Pills. This statement was so startling that the Courier determined to investigate it further, and if true set the facts before the public for the benefit of other sufferers. Mr. Robt. Young, grandfather of the young lady was first seen, and in a reply to an enquiry said it was a miracle the manner in which these pills had restored his grand-daughter. As a last resort, and with a prayer in his heart, he had purchased a box of Pink Pills at Mr. Spaulsbury's drug store, and so much good resulted that the remedy was continued until his grand-daughter was as well as ever she had been. Miss Fleming's aunt was next seen and she corroborated what had already been told the Courier, giving as well some additional particulars. Miss Fleming was next seen, and we must confess to being surprised, and at first somewhat incredulous that this young lady in the bloom of womanhood and health, was the person whom we wanted to interview. Miss Fleming, however, soon convinced us that it was she who was so miraculously saved from death, and cheerfully assented to give a statement of her case. Her father, she said, was for years miller under Mr. Spence, and afterwards at Gordon's mills, near Trenton, and is now miller at Union. Three years ago Miss Fleming's mother died of consumption. Up to four years ago Miss Fleming stated that she had enjoyed good health, but taking a severe cold then she had not had a well day since, until she began the use of Dr. William's Pink Pills last December. She was reduced in weight to 90 pounds, but now weighs 111 pounds; a gain of 21 pounds. She consulted a number of doctors and took their remedies, but never obtained more than temporary relief. A physician at Newmarket whom she consulted said she was going into a decline and that he could do nothing for her. Her Trenton physician said that a sudden cold would go to her lungs and he had no hope of her ever getting better. She felt very miserable, strength continually failing, suffered so much distress from food that she had no desire for it and lost all appetite. She kept continually growing worse until last fall she was not able to stand without support, and gave up all efforts to help herself. In December she was taken with inflamation of the bowels and Dr. Moran was called in. He gave her medicine that relieved her and cured the inflamation, but her strength was gone and she had to be lifted in and out of bed and could not sit in a chair at all. She had taken her bed expecting never to rise again, and this was the opinion of all her friends. It was at this juncture that her grand-father, having read in the Courier of the wonderful cures effected by Dr. William's Pink Pills, and as a last resort purchased a box, and urged his grand-daughter to take them. Miss Fleming had been before this recommended by a friend in Toronto to try Pink Pills, but declared she had no faith in them. Now, however, to please her friends she consented to take the Pink Pills; on the seventh day after beginning the use of the Pink Pills, she was able to walk down-stairs, and has not gone back to a sick bed since. The effect upon her system was truly marvelous. Her appetite was gone, strength gone, prostrate upon her supposed death-bed, in seven days she was able to walk down-stairs, feeling renewed strength and a better appetite than ever before. Miss Fleming continued the use of Pink Pills, daily gaining health and strength, until she was able to take part in the household duties without the least injurious effect. Miss Fleming still continues to take one pill after each meal, and now feels as well as ever she did in her life. She feels truly grateful for what this great remedy has done for her, and only sense of gratitude enables her to overcome her modest scruples in giving this testimony to the wonderful virtues of Dr. William's Pink Pills for Pale People.

Miss Fleming has recommended Pink Pills to a number of lady friends who say they are doing them much good.

A further investigation revealed the fact that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is usually understood, but are a scientific preparation successfully used in general practice for many years before being offered to the public generally. They contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, and the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excesses of whatever nature.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ontario, and Schenectady, N.Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

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If one of your women friends asks you to receive with her at any function, she has a definite reason for so doing. She doesn't expect you to stand with her all the afternoon and do nothing but greet and dismiss guests—that is her special privilege as hostess. The unwritten law for those who are asked to receive with the hostess is otherwise. It is their part to do what the hostess, who is busy with incoming guests, can not do. These assistants may at the first stand in the line with the hostess until the rooms begin to be filled; then they should gradually withdraw, leaving only one of the number to act as special assistant to the hostess, and it should be their special mission to break up the stiff little pauses following introductions, to see that isolated and timid people are brought among those who have the most *savoir faire*, to invite guests out to the dining-room and see that they are properly served, to make the stranger feel especially welcome, to break up little groups of intimates—in short, to diffuse a sweet and gracious courtesy everywhere, to make every guest feel that he or she is an object of special consideration, to do what no hostess, no matter how fine her fact, can accomplish, because she can not make a dozen people of herself all at once.

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$250,000 PAID FOR A HALF INTEREST IN THE TRADE MARK OF DR. WILLIAM'S PINK PILLS FOR THE UNITED STATES.

The brilliant reputation achieved by Dr. William's Pink Pills in Canada has not only extended to the United States, but has led to an important business transaction. One of the best known American proprietary medicine houses, the head of which is the president of a leading National Bank in New York State, has recently purchased a half interest in the trade mark of the Dr. William's Medicine Co., for the United States only, for which, we understand, the consideration was $250,000. This sale is probably the first instance in which an 'American institution has purchased an interest in a Canadian remedy, and offers the very best proof of the sterling merits of Dr. William's Pink Pills, as we may be sure that the American capitalists, before venturing so large a sum in the half interest of the trade mark, fully investigated and verified the claims made for the remedy. It is a tribute too, to Canadian medical science, which has brought to perfection this remarkable medicine.

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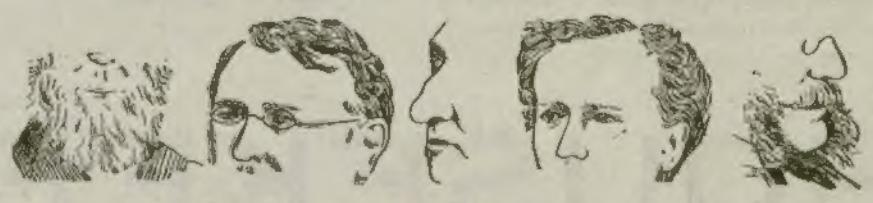

Five Prominent Canadian Statesmen.

Above is given a portion of the portrait of five eminent and well-known Canadians who have taken an active part in the politics of the Dominion during the past few years. To the *first* person who will cut out the above five pictures and paste them on a piece of paper upon which is written the correct names of each will be given an elegant **Gold Watch**, guaranteed to be a first-class timekeeper. To the *second* will be given a pair of genuine **Diamond Ear-rings;** to the *third* a **French Music Box;** to *each of the next five* a solid **Gold Brooch** with genuine diamond setting; to *each of the next ten* a handsome **Silk Dress Pattern,** (15 yards in any color); to *each of the next twenty* a **Coin Silver Watch.** To the *last* person who sends the correct names for the above five Canadian statesmen will be given a fine **China Dinner Service;** to *each of the next five to the last* will be given a **Silk Dress Pattern** (15 yards in any color); to *each of the next ten* will be given a genuine **Diamond Brooch** in solid gold setting. We are anxious to attract attention to our beautiful **WORKS OF ART,** which we are selling at less than one-quarter what they can be purchased for at any of the regular art stores. Every person answering this prize face contest *must enclose ten three cent stamps* for one of our genuine reproductions of some celebrated picture. Nothing like them can be bought at the art stores for less than $1.00 each. All answers to this prize face contest must be received by us on or before July 15th. Our prizes are genuine and valuable. Nothing is charged for the above rewards in any way. We absolutely give them free to attract attention and introduce our beautiful works of art. As to the reliability of our company we can refer you to the leading business houses in Toronto. All rewards are to be given strictly as merited, and satisfaction to the public is guaranteed. To attract special attention to our celebrated Bromo-Crayon Portraits, we shall give one of our elegant **$18 Crayons** as an extra special prize each day during this contest for the first answer received and opened at our office upon that day. The only conditions attached to this extra prize will be that the party receiving it is to allow us to frame it, etc., ready for exhibition, and allow us to refer prospective customers in their vicinity to them as to the quality of our work. Upon receipt of your answer enclosing ten three cent stamps, one of the beautiful art reproductions, suitable for framing, will be sent to your address promptly, and if you are entitled to a reward for correct answer you will receive notice of it promptly. Address **ANGLO-AMERICAN ART ASSOCIATION. No. 9 Ground Floor, Canada Life Building, Toronto, Ont.**

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"I too should be intoxicated" rapturously responded Romeo, "were I a glove upon that hand."

A Child of Circumstances.

First Guest.—"Awful bore, isn't it?"

Second Guest.—"Dull as a funeral. I knew it would be."

First Guest.—"You knew it. Then why did you come?"

Second guest. "Had to. My wife heard that the formula for writing regrets had changed, and she couldn't find out what the new style was. So she sent an acceptance.

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